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Mrs Lafargue

given to her by the Au

1875

6000772672

Mrs. Lafayette

given to her by the Author

1825

W. Booth

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

IN

VERSE,

SERIOUS AND MORAL.

BY W. BOOTH.

"Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
"Is a deceitful good."

WATTS.

Leicester:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY IRELAND & SON,
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PREFACE.

"WHAT an unaccountable being you must be! (methinks I hear an old Schoolfellow exclaim,) that after writing the Whimsies of youth in the early part of your life, you should think of publishing them in old age." I beg your patience, while I endeavour to account for so strange a proceeding. My reason is this,—I find my character has been much mistaken. I confess I have been careless and imprudent in wearing the worst side outwards, though, in reality, (especially as it respects the most amiable part of the creation,) I think there never was a man of greater self-denial, of nicer feelings for their true delicacy, or of more anxious wishes for their maintaining that excellence of character, to which they have an undoubted claim; but the best things may

may be overdone, and may give the world occasion to suspect that, what I affirm was done from the best and most respectful views, may be supposed to proceed from motives quite the contrary. I have somewhere read, that what a person writes, especially if not with any view to publication, must be the best criterion by which to judge of his character; let this be taken for granted, and I will appeal to the candour of the public, yes, to its own judgment, whether the following pages contain any sentiment, charitably interpreted, unfavourable either to morality, or religion. Let it be observed that the publishing of these Pieces is by no means from views of ostentation, or from any sort of conceitedness, but purely to afford some ease to a mind hurt by mistaken and ungenerous reflections; and to obviate all kind of deception in what is here advanced, the Pieces are taken, as found on slips of paper, from old drawers and boxes. The too great sameness of epithet and expression, may be accounted for from the Pieces being

being mostly on similar subjects, tho' the objects of them were very distant from each other in respect both to time and place, and various other circumstances. Had I obeyed the divine injunction, "*To have been wise as the serpent, and harmless as the dove*," (of which, I trust, the last clause is truly applicable to me,) I need not then have been at the trouble of transcribing so many long-since written verses, by way of apology, or as answers to certain false reflections.

Some negligence will be observed in the arrangement of these Pieces; this I confess is owing to the utter aversion I have always had to any appearance of art, or perhaps to a culpable indulgence of my natural disposition.

The approbation expressed of a few fellow creatures, was occasioned by an idea of some excellence in each individual, and in which I am willing to hope I have not been mistaken. The latter and greater part stiled, "*Youthful Excursions*," &c. it is requested, may be considered

as

as so many memorandums of that season of life, and it is hoped that this consideration will sufficiently apologize for any levities contained therein; not but that the first and more sedate Pieces were written in that season also, and may stand as memorandums too, but of a different kind.

Some may object to the things of this world and those of the next being blended together; but let it be considered that every man's life exhibits an exemplification of this fact, nor can it be incompatible with a purer and better state, to be in some measure connected with the present one; since the Author of the one and the other hath so ordained it, that we should have a part to act in a virtuous and moral way below, as well as a more refined and perfect part to perform in the world above.

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13	17	for parental, read the filial.
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Miscellaneous Pieces.

NASH COURT, ISLE OF THANET, KENT.

1

HAIL pleasing stillness! quietude and peace!
Friends of my health, soft soothers of my mind!
For your kind favors I my heart release,
From worldly cares to you to be resign'd.

2

It is releas'd, I feel within my breast
A soft complacency and gentle ease;
It is releas'd, and sweetly is at rest,
And objects vie which most shall charm and please.

3

With you, companions, in my shady bowers,
Justly may I compute the worth of life;
Reflect upon past years, and days and hours,
Pleas'd to have fled noise, vanity and strife.

4

Aye, doubly pleas'd, for that experience proves,
The world affords no permanent delight;
The heart divided, wishes, hates, and loves,
As ev'ry wayward passion may invite.

5

Nature, to thee return'd, deign to receive
A prodigal repentant to your arms;
His pure sincerity you may believe,
Who, vanquish'd, bows before your pleasing [charms.

6

Help me reform, this vainly mixed life
Of trifling dissipation, base alloy,
Become my matron, mistress, guide and wife,
My source of every comfort, every joy.

7

Refining *reason* and *yourself* accord,
Your joint behests I gladly would obey;
Vicegerents of creation's sovereign Lord,
Your dictates I receive without delay.

8

Pleas'd, Nature, to behold thy various scenes,
From the minutest to the Great sublime;
To ask of Reason what each object means,
Thence rising, reach high-Heaven's etherial clime.

9

Ye concord pow'rs! consulting with your care,
And favor'd by the light ye both possess;
I charge my heart to droop not, nor despair,
But that its confidence in you increase.

10

But hark! methinks I hear in whisp'ring voice,
Some pow'r accuse me of mistaken wrong;
Seeming to say "I not in you rejoice,
Nor too much celebrate you in my song."

11

Nature, I doubt not, with her sister *Peer*,
Will help me to discover what it means;
And lo! with timid smiles, and joy, and fear,
They point to pure Religion's brighter beams.

12

Here let me rest, taught by unerring laws,
Meekly to do my duty here below;
Here may I learn to know the great first cause
To whom may all my best affections flow.

THE ABSENT SAILOR.

1

WHERE art thou Jemmy! why so long away?
Long absent from thy native land and me;
Oh! what my Jemmy! what prolongs thy stay?
I weep and sigh thy manly face to see.

2

Think on thy Sally, hasten thy return,
And on our children who thy name repeat;
Haste, haste away, that we no longer mourn,
Fly as the turtle to his faithful mate.

3

With the dear pledges of our tender flame,
Often I seek out Margate's highest shore;
Calling incessantly upon thy name,
Our poor boys crying, will he come no more?

4

Indeed, my love, I hardly can sustain
The griefs and sorrows that oppress my heart;
For neither health, nor spirits now remain,
They will be absent when thou absent art.

5

And think, my Jemmy, how expos'd we are,
In a wide world injurious and unkind;
Much, much we want thy tender guardian care,
For here no comfort but in thee we find.

6

How ev'ry boist'rous tempest shakes my soul,
And drives it trembling to the roaring deep!
Black apprehensions reign without controul,
And ceaseless fears deprive my eyes of sleep.

7

Mercy! ye winds! your mercy, lo! I crave,
Calm, calm your rage! and do but gently blow,
Send not my Jemmy to a wat'ry grave,
Behold his infant boys and pity show.

8

May some kind genius on thy course attend,
And steer thee clear of threat'ning rock or sand;
In every danger thee assistance lend,
And bring thee safely to thy native land.

9

Then will I tell thee all my troubles past,
And kindly thou wilt listen to the tale;
Then shelter in thy arms and sweetly rest,
As having nothing longer to bewail.

10

Our infants too, as climbing on thy knees,
Shall prattling tell their fond parental love;
Surely such dear domestic scenes as these,
For happiness are nearest those above.

THE INTERESTING ENQUIRY.

1

WHERE art thou, innocently smiling maid!
Whose fair idea dwells within my mind,
Purely refining as it were t'invade
My heart, for which it surely was design'd.

2

Where art thou lovely maid! where shall I find
Thy decent person, deck'd in native charms?
Thy flatt'ring picture seems to bless my mind;
When shall thy person bless my waiting arms?

3

Long have I waited for thee all in vain,
And long in vain have sought thy blest abode;
Yet still would I persist, tho' worn with pain,
Teach me ye powers of love your favor'd road.

4

Often I think I have discovered thee,
And then as oft essay to win thy heart;
But oh! thou seem'st resolv'd my suit to flee,
And nothing grant, except the wounding dart.

5

Alass am I too blame for that I love;
For that fair objects melt my yielding breast!
For that soft, sweet sensations, melt and move,
My heart that would with mutual love be blest!

6

Am I rejected that I much esteem
Nature's so perfect work? almost divine!
For this, ye fair, do you unworthy deem
An humble swain? some better cause assign.

7

Methinks 'tis strange indeed, and very strange,
If one may tax the fair with seeming wrong
Pursuits that they excite, thus to avenge
Ev'n what they seek, but I will hold my tongue.

8

Unwilling should I be to cast a shade
On female conduct, or on form so fair!
Oh! no, I must mistake, no gentle maid
Would triumph in the unavailing tear.

9

And must I never then be blest nor bless?
But always wish, and hope, and sigh in vain?
Never the sweets of tender fond caress
To give and to receive and give again?

10

Indeed 'tis hard, yes, very hard to bear,
The thousand ills that press the lonely swain;
How insupportable if no kind fair,
Will deign within his heart to rule and reign.

11

Yet tho' not one be found that can bestow
Her soft affections on an hapless youth;
Tho' no not one permit his tongue to woo,
Tho' it would nothing speak but simplest truth.

12

I yet would not complain, for well I know,
That love's a *tyrant* we cannot command;
The heart at will for objects cannot glow,
No more than when *he* bids, can we withstand.

13

So blame not I the fair, but wail the fate
That subjects thus my heart to love in vain;
O fate obdurate! to propitiate
Not one kind breast to sooth my tender pain.

14

But why, my heart, why thus exclaim on fate?
As if both render'd desp'rate and forlorn;
Hark! says she not? not yet it is too late!
And bids thee scorn but fancied ills to mourn?

15

Then let me trust some maid is yet in store,
Of pleasing form, of meek, and gentle mind,
Whose virtues I may ardently adore
As she becomes more perfect and refin'd.

THE FATHER'S SORROW IN THE ABSENCE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

1

ALAS he's gone! the poor dear lad is gone,
Has left his country, father's house and friends;
Let me retire and leave me all alone,
For oh! the keenest grief my bosom rends.

2

Poor luckless lad! a sad unhappy prey
To gloomy discontent that mars thy rest;
Devouring greedily from day to day,
Thy peace of mind, and thence thou art distrest.

3

Where art thou dearest child? oh! it was hard
Not to believe thy Father, thy best friend;
For could'st thou think he would not safely guard
The secret trusted, nor his boy defend?

4

I tremble for thy welfare, young, unknown,
Unknowing in the world and all its art;
Yet to its false seductive pleasures prone,
And ignorant of the weakness of thy heart.

5

Methinks I see thee wand'ring thro' the world,
Like to a luckless vessel out at Sea;
Alternately on rocks and sand-banks hurl'd,
In certain danger wheresoe'er thou be.

6

I fear thy Patrimony in thy Hands,
Instead of guarding, rather will expose; [mands,
For oh! when known, the world may forge de-
Seduce to pleasures and attendant woes.

7

In childhood, then, how can I bear the thought!
Thou wert inchantment all, and all thee lov'd;
In infancy, then ev'ry heart was caught,
And ev'ry tender sense by thee was mov'd.

8

But now much lov'd tho' inattentive youth,
In disposition now, how sadly chang'd!
Yet could'st thou see expediency and truth,
And from their paths no longer be enstrang'd,

9

Then might I hope thy face again to see,
And that thou would'st prefer thy native home;
That a false world thou willingly would'st flee,
And 'midst it's certain dangers cease to roam.

10

To this my wish, my pray'r, my Lord and God!
Who never long hast left me in distress,
For this my eyes would pierce thy blest abode,
For this most happy change oh! grant success.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

1

BEHOLD the Prodigal in floods of tears,
Excited by compunction's rankling smart;
His flinty heart, now soften'd, melts and fears,
The flinty now becomes the feeling heart.

2

Oh! wretched youth, who can regard thy state,
Without lamenting Nature's evil turn?
In thee we see the almost certain fate
Of restless pride—may all behold and mourn.

3

But hark! he speaks, "Alas what do I feel
In this my melancholy desp'rate case;
I wish to pray, but oh! I dare not kneel,
I wish for, but I dare not ask for grace.

4

A hopeless vagabond on forest lands,
Rejected both of God and fellow men;
My heart awaken'd, self condemned stands,
Of all my guilty conscience can arraign.

5

And if without I cast a sunken eye,
I feel my body naked as my soul;
Which rays of scorching heat consume and dry,
And on my life Want preys without controul.

6

Compell'd to keep a rav'nous herd of swine,
To masticate their husky feed or die;
Yet would I not complain, would not repine,
Altho' to give me food no hand be nigh.

7

But would submit, for oh, my heart and hands,
A desp'rate enmity have borne to God,
Dispising all his holy just commands,
And e'en the strokes of his avenging rod.

8

But now subdu'd, I lift my eyes to Heav'n,
And raise my heart and hands, tho' prest with fears;
Grant but the hope that I might be forgiv'n!
My eyes would weep themselves away in tears.

9

My body perishes for want of food,
Is nightly chill'd by dews, and scorch'd by day;
Guilt galls my soul that lacks of ev'ry good,
And ev'ry glimpse of hope is fled away.

10

A Father once I had my friend most true,
Whose sorrowing heart I pierc'd with wasting woe;
Himself would often tell me I should rue,
The fatal day that I might from him go.

11

How could I break the strong parental tie,
Hallow'd by custom, form'd by Nature's hand?
How could I leave his furrow'd face and fly,
With evil views to a luxuriant land?

12

Still tender and too generous was his heart,
Too bountiful his kind and willing hand;
But I—what flagrant baseness! sordid art!
A proof of foul ingratitude shall stand.

13

Tho' graceless and profuse, he yet bestow'd,
A plenteous patrimony large and free;
Parental tenderness he ever show'd,
Tho scornful disregard he met from me.

14

No sooner had I touch'd my share of wealth,
Than straight I turn'd my back & shunn'd his fac
Deaf to the voice of decency or health,
I plung'd in scenes of infamous disgrace.

15

O! break my heart, my eyes ne'er cease to wee
But pour in floods the penitential tear;
Forbid your lids to close, withold from sleep,
'Till some kind chearing rays of hope appear.

16

They do appear, I recollect his love,
Oh! it was boundless and must yet remain;
His tender bowels yet again would move,
Soon as he saw my mournful face again.

17

Then to my Father's house and native land,
Let me with vows of strict obedience run;
In weeping penitence before him stand,
As the most worthless, most ungrateful Son."

BRITANNIA;
OR, THE AMERICAN WAR.

1

AH! poor Britannia! why with mournful air,
So lettest thou thy laurel'd head to fall?
Why all forlorn and sad dost thou appear?
What can thy fair majestic mien appal?

2

Thy countenance with blooming health so blest,
So fresh, so fair, and so benignly bright;
By all the world so courted and carest,
Oh! why as usual does it not delight?

3

What aileth thee, that thus with pensive mien
In gloomy guise thou pourest forth thy tears?
Seeming asham'd untidy to be seen,
Asham'd to let thy children know thy fears.

4

Some evil dire disturbs thy wonted peace,
Some cursed mischief preys upon thy health;
Combining ills thy sorrows more increase,
Fell Cormorants that prey upon thy wealth.

5

That this thy wailfull case too well I ween
That thou hast cause to mourn is surely true;
How long since thy good genius e'er was seen,
Whose absence all thy Sons so sadly rue.

6

As on thy wretched state I thoughtful mus'd,
My mind most ill at ease I restless slept;
Methought thy genius, Britain, all suffus'd
In tears, thy teeming errors loudly wept.

7

I hear'd her moans before her form I saw,
I trembled at the wild lamenting sounds;
Alarm'd, life seemed from me to withdraw,
And my chill'd blood froze in its circling rounds.

8

In melancholy plight she straight appear'd, [lorn
And cry'd "start not! good youth, that thus for-
And frantic you behold me, much rever'd
Of Nations erst, but now alas their scorn.

9

Moreover sharply all my sister pow'rs,
In Heav'n above accuse me of neglect;
Did they but know how many anxious hours,
I spent upon my charge, would they reflect,

10

Or could they justly of themselves dare say
They better manag'd their behests than I?
Indeed it grieves me that my children stray,
For their wild discords harsh I ever sigh.

11

On this account the roses quit my cheek;
And leave my countenance all wan and pale,
In presence once majestically meek,
Dejected falls, its comely graces fail.

12

For this ye see my stately head decline,
My crown unbrac'd, its lustre faint and dim;
My sceptre nearly broke, y'clep'd divine,
And sullied is my glory's matchless beam.

13

My long dishevell'd hair, sport to the wind,
And all the tatters of my rented vest;
Say could'st thou Eolus possibly there find
A shade of guilt that I were thus distress'd?

14

Had I been inattentive to my care,
Long delegated to me from above;
I then had had eternal cause to tear
My honour'd vest, and maniac-like to rove.

15

Altho' no self-reflection wound my peace,
As conscious having well my duty done;
Witness O Heav'n! that I did never cease,
Great-Britain's weal to teach her ev'ry son.

16

Yet blest not with success, my spirits droop,
And weaker grow with fast succeeding sighs;
Oh! where's the ground but for a glimpse of hope
Despair prevails, and hope's fair prospect dies.

17

Want of success enforces ev'ry tear,
The fountain of mine eyes can e'er supply;
Is cause that thus forlornly I appear,
And wail that Britain should her sons destroy.

18

The civil monster now has rear'd his head,
On Seas of kindred blood he feeding thrives:
See his wild ghastly mien, dire threat'ning tread
His solace Death, his savage prey, our lives!

PIECES ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

THE RESURRECTION; MARY SEEKING THE TOMB.

1

JESUS, my Lord, I come this gloomy night,
To seek thy Sepulchre and mourn thy death;
Grant me, my Saviour God, a ray of light,
Allay my fears and quick respiring breath.

2

What do I see! 'tis sure a light divine,
That seems to lead and kindly point my way;
Lo! still it rises breaking forth more fine,
Gently increasing towards the opening day.

3

How awfully it shews the dreary tomb!
Joseph, I thank thee for this mark of love,
Blest be the corse within its earthly womb,
As is its spirit now my Lord above.

4

But ah! no stone I see above the grave,
Some evil hand hath roll'd it far away;
Bold man! how dard'st thou desp'rately to brave
The vengance of my God o'er whom it lay.

5

Jesus, my Savoiur, prostrate lo! I fall
Beside thy Tomb that sacrilegious hands
Have vilely injur'd, on thy Name I call,
And wait thy honor'd and divine commands.

6

But oh! my Lord is gone, and but his corse
Remains within this dread abode below;
Once let me see again what was the source,
Of all the joys I knew, or wish'd to know.

7

His Body too is gone, inhuman deed!
Most monst'rous, and malicious too as base;
Oh! was it not enough that he should bleed,
And die with infamy and foul disgrace?

8

But that his lonely, peaceful, silent tomb,
Should thus be violated of its dead;
Await fell, daring wretch, thy threat'ning doom
Await thy doom with trembling, horrid dread!

9

Oh! ruthless man! with whom can not be found,
Safety for a poor corse's crumbling dust!
No sanctuary e'en in hallowed ground,
Can now be faithful to its sacred trust.

10

Oh! Gardener, what vile and ruffian man
Has stole the body from its still abode!
Oh! tell me I conjure thee if thou can,
Where that dear body he may have bestow'd?

11

Mary! say'st thou? it is," it is my Lord!
Whom the domains of death could not retain;
Risen to life according to his word,
That gave assurance he should rise again.

XLII. PSALM.

1

AS pants the hart to taste the cooling stream,
So pants my soul to find the living God;
O! for a sacred kind refulgent beam,
To light and guide it to his blest abode.

2

When O! my God, within thy courts below,
Free from infirmity shall I appear?
When rais'd affections sacredly shall glow,
With pure delight, with love and holy fear.

3

Distant from thee, in darkness and alone,
Wasting with pain and anguish lo! I lie;
Salt tears my sad repast I grieving moan,
While each succeeding breath becomes a sigh.

4

I wail the loss of former precious days,
When with thy people joyfully I went;
To hear thy word, to pray and render praise,
Delightful days, and most divinely spent.

5

But when I think on this my languid state,
I mourn all pensive, ready to despair;
My soul sunk under its oppressive weight,
Cries, where's my God! my absent God, oh! where?

6

But why dejected oh! my soul cast down?
Disquieted, despairing on the ground;
Seek earnestly thy God, to him make known
Thy mournful state, nor doubt he will be found.

7

Yes, oh my soul, I still abundant cause,
Shall surely have to bless his holy name;
To bless him for his covenant and laws,
All stedfast and immutably the same.

8

Tho' his chastising powers like rushing seas,
That (inundating) neighbouring lands o'erspread;
Or his corrections dreadful more than these,
Or bursting water spouts dash on my head;

9

Yet soon I trust my God will kindly show
His smiling countenance in beaming light;
Then shall my joys unutterably flow
To see his face unutterably bright!

10

But why my soul dejected, why cast down,
Disquieted, despairing on the ground?
Trust in the Lord, and make thy troubles known,
And doubt not but thy God will yet be found.

BABYLON'S STREAMS;
OR, THE CAPTIVITY OF THE JEWS.

1

BY Babylona's deeply gliding streams,
We cheerless sat in melancholy state;
Of Hope forsaken and her soothing beams,
Left comfortless to our embracing fate.

2

Torn rudely from our smiling native Land,
When captur'd by relentless scornful foes;
Deliver'd into cruel iron hands,
Harshly dispensing, unprovok'd their blows.

3

No friend to hear our tales of piercing woe,
Whose consolation might allay and cheer;
Save the smooth waves that sadly murm'ring flow,
As piteous our incessant griefs to hear.

4

Fair stream, we hail thy sympathizing waves!
And would be grat'ful in our turn to thee;
Our tears within thy bosom seek their graves,
As if dispos'd to swell thee to a sea.

5

Yet tho' so kind, we seem afraid of thee,
And view in thee our alter'd selves with fear;
At images forlorn and sad we see,
We start! and from ourselves would disappear.

6

Thy flowing waves reflecting from each side,
Each bending brier, and each moving leaf;
Recal to mind our brooks which sweetly glide,
In Sion's fruitful fields, how great our grief!

7

For when, O Sion, we remember thee,
And all the dear delights we in thee found;
We weep, and long thy blest domains to see,
Where yet our hopes, tho' absent, would abound.

8

But distant far from thee, hope droops and dies,
And wild despair erects her fearless head;
Daring to smile contempt on tears and sighs,
Despise the living, and to hail the dead.

9

Our foes insulting ask our Sion's songs,
Sacred to Heav'n and Heaven's eternal King!
Alas! the strains would die upon our tongues!
In this strange friendless land, how can we sing?

10

Our tuneless harps hung on the willow boughs,
Remember not for what they were design'd;
As we alas, forgot our sacred vows,
And thence became impure and base of mind.

11

We own our guilt, and would our sins deplore,
And own thy justice in the bonds we bear;
O! may our God be gracious and restore,
Behold the drooping heart and trickling tear!

12

He will restore, and be our sov'reign Lord!
For his lov'd Sion's for Jerusalem's sake;
And lo! the angel of his cov'nant-word,
In our behalf will intercession make.

13

And may the humble souls of gentile race,
Behold this promis'd this great cov'nant-word;
Partaking thence this free extended grace,
Also become the people of the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1

HOW amiable the place where God resides, [des;
Where Nature's great first cause the worship gui-
Into the sacred courts my soul would go,
The most desirable of all below.

2

There would I praise my God the great Supreme,
'Till some sweet emanations purest beam,
Warmly inspire my soul with smiling joy,
And point to grace and peace without alloy.

3

Hither the sparrow flies instructed well,
By Nature's God, she safely here may dwell;
The swallow hastens to the blest abode,
Flying for sanctuary near her God.

4

Happy the men who from the world retreat,
Who love within thy palaces to meet,
Who worship there with pure unmixt delight,
And see thee present to their mental sight.

5

How blest the man whose pious confidence
Is plac'd in thee, and never wavers thence,
In whose frail heart thou deignest to abide,
And over all his actions to preside.

6

Who passing thro' sad Baca's vale below,
Abounding plenteously with springs that flow
Salubrious springs tho' bitter yet most kind,
As bracing with an holy force the mind.

7

Of genial best advantages avail'd,
From evils freed that lately had assail'd;
The soul refresh'd, from strength to strength arı
'Till Heav'n it gains and with its Maker lives.

8

O Lord of host, thy humble suppliant hear!
Great God of Jacob, lend a willing ear;
Regard in mercy our great cov'nant shield,
So shelter'd, who to sinful pow'rs would yield

9

Regard the face of our anointed Lord,
By whom thou savingly hast man restor'd,
Arise our purest genuine gratitude,
Haste to express this countless sum of good.

10

Lord, bless my soul with free renewing grace,
Let it behold the glories of thy face;
For one day spent with thee in holy fear,
Is better than a thousand spent elsewhere.

11

And for my God I'd rather keep the door,
And at his temple wait upon the poor,
Or fly to their assistance in distress,
Rather than live in proud ungodliness.

12

The Lord will be our sun and light our way,
Disperse our darkness by meridian day,
Unfading glory graciously will give,
And bread of life, by which the *soul* may live.

13

My God I know thou wilt support and guide,
Thy cheering presence long thou wilt not hide;
But wilt direct the heart, that longs to see,
Thy sacred self and pants to worship thee.

14

Blest is the man whose pious confidence,
Dwells in the Lord and never wavers thence,
Within his soul the spirit shall abide,
And over all his actions will preside.

HYMN I.

CHRIST COMPASSIONATE.

1

CHEER up my soul! my heart rejoice,
Withold thy plaintive cries,
O hear the blessed Saviour's voice,
And bid to cease thy sighs.

2

In words soft, gentle, and benign,
Inviting, gracious, kind,
He sweetly shews his chief design
To cheer the drooping mind.

3

In what a pleasing tender strain,
He ev'ry sinner wooes,
Intreats, (and can it be in vain?)
Attention from his foes.

4

Come ev'ry poor and weary soul,
And I will give you rest;
O come and straight be render'd whole,
And be for ever blest.

5

With willing hand I'll take away
The burden of your sin;
Disperse your night by beamy day,
To light the soul within.

6

Instead of sin's hard galling yoke,
I'll give you that of love,
Which heals the heart with sorrows broke,
And purest joys will move.

7

My yoke is not a slavish one,
But soft and light to wear;
Love's warmest gratitude alone,
Upon your hearts to bear.

8

And when this pleasing yoke you prove,
Its good effects you'll find;
Duteous morality from love
Will spring and cheer the mind.

9

Then listen to this strain of grace,
My soul! rejoice and hear;
And may thy gratitude increase,
Thy love and holy fear.

HYMN II.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT.

1

COME holy Spirit, melt and move,
A flinty heart to tears of love;
Come in resistless pow'r and grace,
And speak redeeming righteousness.

2

Day-spring divine! my cause of grief,
Is that dread sin, hard *unbelief*;
Open my heart, I would receive,
The gospel truths, and them believe.

3

O! dissipate the clouds that rise,
And hide the Saviour from mine eyes;
That Lord of life, let let me see,
Convince me that he died for me.

4

Bright influence of Father, Son,
Illumine a poor wretch undone!
Undone unless thou condescend,
To be his guardian, guide and friend.

5

Let me not doubt thou wilt relieve,
A soul that would *thyself* receive;
That guilt, despair, and fear give way,
Before thy rays, as night to day.

6

That faith in Christ benignly give,
By which alone the soul can live;
That mean of life my soul's desire,
Haste sacred Spirit to inspire!

7

O manifest celestial dove,
Thyself in soft dissolving love;
Whisper the gospel's cheering voice,
Until my heart in Christ rejoice.

8

But if my desp'rate harden'd case,
Require a different mode of grace;
Strike home within my stubborn heart
Thy terror-fledged piercing dart.

9

But lo! I humbly wait thy will,
And means by which thou wilt instil
Celestial truth within my heart,
Thence never never to depart.

10

Then to my truly open'd eyes,
Jesus my Saviour will arise;
O! Son of David haste the day,
When fixt on thee my *soul* shall pray.

HYMN III.

FOR QUICKENING INFLUENCE.

1

WILL not the Lord revive again,
The dying embers that remain?
O, as thou giv'st this warm desire,
Revive the embers to a fire.

2

Lord 'tis my pray'r that I the same
Again may feel, that sacred flame,
Bearing my soul to Heaven and thee,
In a pure, holy extacy.

3

Alas! my soul in dismal night
Involved lies, no cheering sight
It gains of thee, but all forlorn
Is left its dreary state to mourn.

4

Once, Lord, I trust I saw thy light,
But now I wail its distant flight;
Once sure I trod the Heav'nly way,
But darkness now absorbs my day.

5

Laden with guilt and black despair,
Where shall I flee? Lord tell me where?
O would my God but let me see
His dearest self, to him I'd flee.

6

My fainting heart is full of fears,
My weeping eyes are drown'd in tears;
My soul oppress sinks with its load,
Laments in grief its absent God.

7

Will not the Lord again restore?
He will, for I may still implore;
My God I know can yet revive,
Lord, but command and lo! I live.

HYMN IV.

REPENTANCE.

1

FORGIVE, Almighty, O forgive me,
Speak my pardon let me live;
Receive, O graciously receive me,
And my ardent pray'r receive.

2

Whisper by thy holy spirit,
Whisper to my contrite heart,
That I salvation may inherit,
That thou wilt thy grace impart.

3

Sanctify the deep repentance,
That pervades my troubled breast;
And save me from the dreadful sentence
That debars my soul of rest.

4

Save me by the advocation
Of thy Son, and let me see
In the Gospel dispensation,
Christ the Saviour died for me.

5

My joyful heart then renovated,
Beating high would soar above;
Mid'st purest scenes to be translated,
Scenes of purest sacred love.

HYMN V.

LONGING AFTER GOD.

1

COULD I but see my God,
Purely with mental eye,
From his chastising rod,
Surely I would not fly;
For alas! ought not I,
Who have so flagrant been,
Suffer and sadly sigh,
That I've offended him.

2

But blessed be thy name,
Thou wilt propitious be,
To those of meekly claim,
Putting their trust in thee;
And thy salvation's free,
Kindly excluding none,
Who to the Saviour flee,
Thy well beloved Son.

DEATH.

1

SEE ghastly Death on his pale horse,
In terrible array;
Sporting at tears and sharp remorse,
Advancing on his way;

2

In triumph dread he moves along,
Arm'd with his deadly dart,
Then flings the thoughtless crowd among,
And hits th' appointed heart.

3

Body and soul tho' close allied,
Now, now alas must part,
Death's arrow who can ward aside
It buries in the heart.

4

The heart tho' full of boldest fire,
Cannot resist the shock;
The proudest spirits thence retire,
And springs of life unlock.

5

The blood congeals, the flesh is cold,
The breath expires in sighs;
The pulse that Time so justly told;
Ceases and silent lies.

6

The spirit to its Maker flies,
The body in the ground
In silence sleeps, 'till bid to rise
By the last trumpet sounds.

7

Think on the scene proud hearted man,
E'er yet it be too late;
Begin to live, Life's but a span,
And Death's thy certain fate.

Mr. ROBERT ROE,
EDUCATING TO THE CHURCH.

HOW amiable in early youth,
To make researches after truth!
To trace it to its great first cause,
By reasons drawn from Nature's laws;
Its beauties to display and show,
To ev'ry creature here below,
And who when reason can preside
No longer, takes a surer guide.
Fair Revelation from high-Heav'n,
To man the best of favors given,
To teach mankind their chiefest care,
To tell from whence and what they are,
That once they fell, the fall how great!
And what their present dang'rous state.
To mark the great Salvation-plan,
Laid for restoring fallen man.
This their religion to impart,
And strike it home upon the heart.
For this, we see in Roe a mind,
Pure, serious, virtuous, unconfin'd;

Fitted by Nature and by Grace,
To prompt and urge the Heavenly race.
Great earthly prospects, for divine,
His heart is ready to resign;
With joy preparing to begin,
The war against the monster sin;
To lead his forces in the name
Of Father, Spirit, and the Lamb.
Happy who makes the sacred choice,
That first consulting Nature's voice,
Is led to know the Great Supreme,
And rev'rently adore his name.
Advancing meekly his pursuits,
Learns by degrees his attributes,
His great concern for feeble man,
Whose length of life is but a span:
And tho' no more on earth be giv'n,
This short career may end in Heav'n.
I hail my ROE! may this employ,
Afford him purest lasting joy!
It will, for all his actions prove,
His heart already is above.

R—E, Esq.

A disposition candid, kind,
A sweet well regulated mind,
Of manners gentle, an address
That speaks a soft internal peace;
Susceptible of purest love,
Which probably he'll ever prove,
Of friendship's softest social ties,
And all the joys that thence arise:
Not negligent in gratitude,
For all he has receiv'd of good.
Submissive when he may receive,
What may, or pain, or sorrow give,
Of earthly wisdom tho' possest,
The Heavenly more pervades his breast;
Thence see his sacred Temple * rise,
Humbly approaching toward the skies;
The Great Supreme the off'ring meets
Accepts the hallowed rising sweets,
Effus'd from a most grateful mind,
That long to Heav'n has been resign'd.

* Had built a Church.

A sacrifice could ne'er depart
From greater gratitude of heart:
Ages to come shall speak his praise,
Their voices in his Temple raise,
Resounding in the highest strains,
Glory to God who ever reigns!

TO MISS K.....KL.....D.

AND shall the world condemn the maid,
Possest of ev'ry virtue's aid,
For that she's chose the better part,
And treasur'd it within her heart?
For that this bright and pearly prize,
Appears so beauteous in her eyes?
Celestial pearl! and Heaven's demise,
Its value may she realize!
Mistaken world! did you but know
What blessings from this treasure flow,
Its value could you see and prove,
You would no longer blame but love,
And with anxiety the same,
Would wish for more than now you blame.

Proceed pure saint! and haste away
To regions of eternal day;
Be like thy Saviour, meek, and mild,
In true simplicity a child;
In faith pursue the heav'nly road,
Until in Heav'n thou meet thy God.
When beaming holiness and truth,
So hap'ly meet in female youth,
Then, Holiness, thy beauties higher,
Than common Zenith will aspire.
Then, Truth, thy blossoms fairer blow,
When from the youthful stem they grow.
Ye youthful Fair, behold, approve, admire,
And emulating catch the sacred fire.

CO...KS.....D, Esq.

BLEST with a good and open heart,
From whence so naturally depart
His sentiments, humane and kind,
Alike unthought of, undesign'd,

ınd mild simplicity refin'd,
ly his soft elegance of mind;
:date his manners, sure to please,
s thoughts, so just, exprest with ease,
ɔounding in benevolence,
hich give a quick and feeling sense
' others woes, so happiness
: wishes all men to possess.
ɔm these good principles arise,
s charities of largest size,
: sees the poor with pitying eye,
gards their hardships with a sigh,
marks their wants with tender grief,
ıd quickly grants a blest relief.
hen we our fellow-creatures aid,
hat satisfaction will pervade
ıe conscious breast? how calm a peace
cceeds! a kind of sacred ease,
ıd pleasure, altogether prove,
:h sacrifices please above.

INNOCENCE.

1

FAIR Innocence! child of each plain,
Of woodlands and sky-seeking hills;
On the summits above sweetly reign,
Or below by the tink'ling soft rills.

2

Thou first-born of Nature on earth!
Descended no doubt from above,
Where Heaven straight caused thy birth,
And form'd thee the standard of love.

3

Pure charmer, divested of art,
Unconscious of sordid design;
Who at evil's appearance would start,
And the world for thyself would'st resign.

4

For, Innocence, what were to thee
All the world and its culpable ways?
Thou never could'st with it agree,
'Tis so false! so deceives and betrays.

5

Then fear not the rural retreat,
It is wise, in still safety to dwell;
Virtuous maxims to form and repeat,
And passions of evil repel.

6

Nor think that thy cause will decline,
Tho' far from the crowd thou retire,
Thy vot'ries with thee will resign,
When meekly thou may'st so inspire.

7

And tho' stern necessity hold
Some few of thy children in town;
By them shall thy beauties be told,
And their conduct obtain thee renown.

8

For doubtless thou may'st be assur'd,
Of the peaceable, gentle and good;
Who the falsehoods of life have endur'd,
Thy value is well understood.

9

And they wait but the time their affairs,
Permit them to fly to thy cell,
To 'scape harsh ill-nature and cares,
In tranquillity with thee to dwell.

10

But, Innocence, wert thou alone,
Thy Nature's so near the Divine,
So pure and so virtuously prone,
Thou wert happy and could'st not repine.

11

But, can there a pow'r be in words
To describe the unbounded delights,
Thy goodness unmixt well affords
To thy good, thy sincere proselytes.

12

May all then that happy would be,
Unlearn their false lessons of life;
Rob'd in purity, Innocence see,
Fall in love with, and take her to wife.

Youthful Excursions.

INVOCATION.

1

HASTE, ye Nine, descend, inspire me,
Come, dispensing mirth and joy;
Haste, with wit to charm and fire my
Senses pure without alloy.

2

: to me your charming graces,
y, mildly to refine;
ning sweet as flow'rs in vases,
nearly grow divine.

3

a fruitful vein possess me,
kuriant thought and free,
ur minion O! caress me,
true minion let me be.

4

t, clearest judgment gaining,
your full exhaustless store;
all your rites maintaining,
thence still more and more.

5

I learn distinct partition,
me Nature's handmaid, art;
the clearest disposition
appear in every part.

6

oo much to form adhering,
I gain a natural ease;
he critic never fearing,
e what glowing fancy please.

7

Condescend fair nymphs to wed me,
Faithfully I'll paint your charms;
And the bliss to which ye led me,
When ye took me to your arms.

8

Never in excess of passion,
May I rage in senseless rhyme;
But my theme to reason fashion,
And my verse to flow in time.

9

On your altars incence burning,
Richest perfumes reach the skies;
Inspiration thence returning,
Sweeter than the sacrifice.

10

Sisterhood of playful muses,
Hear my faithful vows of youth;
That my themes shall tend to uses,
Consonant to love and truth.

TO SIR H. T...MP...ST.

HAIL, op'ning rose in prime of youth,
Best picture of fair blooming truth;
All Hail! accept the muse's strain,
Aspiring from a village swain.
Excuse a harsh or vulgar sound,
Howe'er it may your organs wound;
Unfledg'd, unskill'd, it would a thought
Express, but ah! it is untaught;
And yet it would not silent lie,
It heaves, it flutters and would fly.
And vaunting cry, I have a theme,
As unconfin'd as Thames's stream;
A subject that deserves a hand
Form'd for the noblest best command.
Altho' my thoughts may seem to want,
The soft'ning shades of modern paint;
I challenge all that may appear,
To prove them false or insincere.
We, see, brave youth, a greatness shine
In ev'ry action, (ev'ry line
Upon thy calm commanding face,
Well pictures forth a manly grace,)

All open, harmless you appear,
Not too assur'd, yet free from fear;
A gentle medium here we see,
Not too reserv'd nor yet too free;
Born of a noble ancient race,
Which far you obviously can trace,
Yet this you'll not depend upon,
But active merits of your own.
All with a rising flame inspir'd,
And with a sprightly ardor fir'd.
To reach the spreading nymph of fame,
Your efforts will not be in vain;
Desert will win her to your arms,
With all her gaudy flatt'ring charms,
For plac'd on high behold her stand,
Crying the youth may me command,
Who's generous, sensible and just,
Who can despise gross mammon's dust;
Who's true and faithful to his friend,
That on his honour can depend;
Who's honest, great, intrepid, brave,
Disinterested, that can behave
With dignity, becoming grace,
In change of fortune, times and place.

reat youth, my muse would write the name,
f him the nymph will justly claim.
rk! noble boy, hear what she says,
o you my temples I will raise;
d sound my trumpet in your praise,
l crown you with unfading bays."
without doubt will raise you to
ır rightful state, and honor you.
weep to see you unpossest
eauteous fields that long have blest
r ancestors, and ev'ry right,
luctive of a just delight.
/'d that fair inheritance,
affluence proud derived thence.
courteous, affable and great,
bear yourself in low estate;
gnant fate has not the pow'r
rate and make your temper sour
rigid fortune! why so hard?
ersecute a harmless ward!
, unkind tyrant, so severe!
ting, lo! she drops a tear,

Fully convicted of the wrong,
T'oppress the innocent and young;
Gives earnest of a better state
That shall attend thy future fate.

SONG.

1

HERE, I kneel, my Cœlia take me,
To thy pretty fancy make me,
To it form me, to it mould me,
That my arms may gently fold thee.

2

Oh! that happ'ly I may win thee,
Metamorphose all within me,
All I am I yield unto thee,
Grant my suit, and not undo me.

3

O! dispense, ye pow'rs, this favor,
That her swain may win and have her,
Cœlia lo! I bow before thee,
Love, and humanly adore thee.

TO MISS CH.....B.....LAIN.

(A PASTORAL.)

AMENTINGLY I sing a theme
doric measures, sad extreme;
nce would I tell my cause of grief,
tho' despairing of relief.
t me invoke you, breezing air,
) tell the absence of my fair,
) tell it in your plaintiff sighs,
: when you murm'ring fall or rise.
las! she's gone for whom the Sun
ade bright his rays to look upon;
'ith her he makes a glad retreat,
'ith all his genial vital heat.
:turn, fair maid. nor longer stay
he Sun will here attend your way;
ake haste that he again shine here,
s he does now with you elsewhere;
)me, and bedeck with flow'rs our Spring,
hat all our youth again may sing.
ir chrystal dew-drops weep the day,
n which their favorite went away;

The birds suppress their cheerful notes,
And close their little warbling throats,
Withold their songs, tho' almost Spring,
Displace the plume, hang down the wing.
Winter returns tho' hardly past,
Respreading wide her dreary waste,
All Nature's sad and nothing gay,
Nor has been since you went away.
Our stately bold, grand waving wood,
That lately bursted forth in bud,
Now with'ring stands by chilling blast,
Forlorn, disrob'd, asham'd, disgrac'd.
The fruitful meads, mild, vernal, green,
So pleas'd whenever by you seen,
Behold! now chang'd to cheerless brown,
That they're forsaken for the town.
The waters from their fountains go,
All singing sadly murm'ring woe,
As in soft melancholy lay
They make their solitary way.
Poor shepherds leave their flocks and rove,
To seek the darkest shady grove,

Where but the fewest blossoms bloom,
That which affords the deepest gloom;
Where silent, pensive and distrest,
They lose that peace of mind and rest,
Which cheer'd and brightened ev'ry brow,
Alas where are those pleasures now?
How dull and alter'd all things are,
What ills befal my fleecy care!
Which wildly fly with fear astray,
By wolf, or dog, chas'd ev'ry way;
Methinks I see my trembling lambs,
Spring, fly for shelter to their dams;
Or while in frolic innocence,
Which now affords them no defence,)
The rav'nous wolf approaches nigh,
Hark! hark! with piteous piercing cry,
They bleat in anguish, streak and die.
Alas alack! alack alas!
What dreadful scenes are come to pass.
Some charioteer attempt the deed
Away, dispatch, increase your speed,

Hither return, arrive and bring
The maid, who only makes our Spring,
Our prospect brightens! looks more gay!
As earnest of some happy day,
The swains to give me joy are seen,
Attending on the vernal green.
With smiling grace and mild advance,
My fair arrives and joins the dance;
We gaily tread the rural round,
On tiptoe to the oaten sound.

MISS M..LSH..M.

(A PASTORAL.)

GENTLE as soft-gliding streams,
And innocent as infant's dreams,
Serene as op'ning day new born,
Which Flora, from the night forlorn,
With midwife care produces fair,
Together with its balmy air;
Like Spring or Summer's infant days,
Blest with the Sun's mild cheering rays,

Pure as the vestal's sacred Spring,
Us'd but for holy sprinkle—ing;
Yet like the lofty rising lark,
Escaping from the nightly dark,
Commencing at the dawn of day,
As if to sing her soul away.
These pleasing likenesses appear
In M..LSH..M fair of all most fair.
'Tis she who is the lovely maid,
On whose account I seek for aid,
Of ev'ry muse, of all the nine,
That they my thoughts may all refine.
While pointing to her ev'ry charm,
That strikes my heart with love's alarm;
And yet methinks let her go where
he may, the muses will be there.
hen why so much intreat their aid
or such a truly perfect maid,
hat seems to have them at command,
s birds directed by her hand?
h! sweetest former of my theme,
arm lighter of the lambent flame,
hat trembling plays within my breast,
prospects whence it might be blest;

Yet mean not I that thou should'st deign,
Too gently there to rule and reign,
But still increase this soaring blaze,
Unceasingly for all my days.
Forgive, tho' I would paint the flame,
That from your charms enkindled came,
To one who only wish'd to keep,
From harm his timid bleating sheep.
Well pleas'd to see his sporting lambs,
To frisk around their fleecy dams;
Or by the chequer'd stony brook,
To tune his pipe, or stud his crook,
Enjoying Nature's freshest prime,
It's Spring, or Autumn's fruitful clime.
While all her smiling scenes combine,
To speak their Author all divine,
But now alas! I sigh and say,
Those scenes are vanish'd all away.
Tho' still I walk among my sheep,
My mind all absent, cannot keep
One thought of them, for from my breast,
All rural care is dispossest.

› M..LSH..M straight they point and flee,
nd nothing else perceive to be.
er rising image in my mind,
in all circumstances find;
ill more attractive while I sigh,
nd while it meets the mental eye.
he lonely copse, the lenghten'd vale,
seek to vent my lovelorn tale;
›metimes I tell the bending woods,
y case, and sometimes streaming floods;
he trees seem sensible and bow,
think they pity me I vow;
ransparent waves that murm'ring flow,
lust surely feel my tender woe;
nd hollow winds too mourn my grief,
ffording thence a sad relief.
ear M..LSH..M! this my tender tale,
cho repeats o'er hill and dale.
..LSH..M! incessantly I cry,
ear M..LSH..M, I respiring sigh,
nd tho' she never bless my flame,
ill Death, will I invoke her name.

RETIREMENT;

Or, The Young Planter.

1

WHILE pruning my grateful young trees,
Methinks they seem ready to say,
"Kind master correct as you please,
Your care we will surely repay."

2

Amusive's the simple employ,
To which their wild branches invite;
Simplicity here I enjoy,
And simplicity is my delight.

3

But surely it gives them no pain,
To be thus of their branches bereav'd;
I would charge my vile hand to restrain,
For I would not my grove were aggriev'd.

4

True pleasure, unmix'd, unalloy'd,
With fair expectation and hope,
May be by the planter enjoy'd,
As he views his fair promising crop.

5

Oh! what a desirable task,
To Nature so consonant chose;
What more can he wish for or ask
Or what that is better propose.

6

Let others my business dispise,
On them I'll my pity bestow;
Alas! they are not over wise,
Or none of its pleasures may know.

7

Then let me contented remain,
In peaceful retirement to live;
In spite of the vicious and vain,
Tho' meanly they of me conceive.

8

Vain world, grand deceiver, adieu,
Your tempting delusions I flee;
Of follies I've seen not a few,
And much of deception I see.

9

All hail, my fair thriving young grove,
From earth so ambitious to rise;
I much the suggestion approve,
And thence may become truly wise.

10

My feather'd companions too hail!
I thank you for all your sweet songs;
On your love's, which will surely prevail,
Soft flowing from musical tongues.

11

To be cheerful, contented and good,
Is pleasing to Nature's great Lord;
May myself and my birds of my wood,
To our Maker this tribute afford.

YOUTH,

Suggested by the Birth-Day of a Young Lady.

1

INCHANTING day! sweet day of youth!
How fair thy op'ning prime!
Season of innocence and truth,
And love's delightful clime.

2

Delicious Scene! rich, bland, and gay,
In Fancy's fairy fields;
Blythe painter, like the month of May
Of ev'ry flow'r she yeilds.

5

youth susceptible and pure,
oid of ill design;
: ev'ry suff'rage can insure,
ourse insuring mine.

4

this gay season would I sing,
join the tiptoe dance;
ought I peals so gay to ring?
eal the fairy trance?

5

flighty Time is on the wing,
soon will end thy day,
en when no longer youth shall sing,
lo! she flies away.

6

n may a future scene employ,
e space of this in hand;
. thou that future scene enjoy,
n serious self command.

7

t Time is transient may be prov'd,
n this thy day of birth,
l know, dear Nancy, much belov'd,
nsient is all on Earth.

A FEW CONCISE MAXIMS.

I turn my back on troubles past,
Which gives my mind a clearer cast,
Still this I brighten, and to day
View objects in their colours gay,
Without foreboding fears or sorrow,
For evils that may come to-morrow;
Not doubting but the Great first cause,
Is right in all His ways and laws,
Which ways and laws when understood,
Will prove to have conspir'd for good.
Then while my glass of life may run,
My God, I'll cry, "Thy will be done,"
And set my troubled heart at rest,
As well convinc'd what is, is best.

PARTING.

STAY now, our lovely friend, O! stay,
We cannot let thee go away,
For think how great would be our sorrow,
Stay, if but only 'till to-morrow,

And when to-morrow thou wouldst go,
Then soothingly we'd let thee know,
In softest smiles unmixt with sorrow,
That present time is not to-morrow.
Thence ever with us thou shouldst stay,
And never never go away.

KEDLESTON.

DEAR KEDLESTON! thou blest retreat,
From folly and the vicious great,
Possessing all that's understood
Of pleasant, useful, great, and good,
Here ev'ry object we behold,
As form'd in Nature's fairest mould;
And yet displaying novel grace,
As handmaid art directs to place,
With neatest elegance and ease,
Which all our senses sooth and please;
Hail thy venerable woods,
Thy healthy fountains, streaming floods,
Thy length'ning vales, thy varying grounds,
And ev'ry 'closure that abounds

With lowing herds and sportive deer,
And grateful sheep that strip each year.
Thy peaceful shady cool retreats,
Thy charming wilderness of sweets,
And ev'ry plant and ev'ry bow'r,
Rear'd by divine and human pow'r.
But let me haste my chief designs,
To mark the persons and the minds,
Of its belov'd inhabitants,
(Pardon ye fair, these wild descants)
Who hither seek a calm retreat,
To taste the beautiful and sweet.

1st. CHARACTER.

First, SC..RSD..LE'S LADY, let me name,
As richly worthy of that fame,
Establish'd by her virtuous deeds,
Her character sublime succeeds,
To speak concisely in one word,
Her merits claim her noble Lord.

2nd.

Next, R. E, with soft benignant mien,
And always cheerful, mild, serene,

So condescending, courteous, free,
Lov'd by the good of each degree.
Knowing herself and human kind,
And God to whom her heart's resign'd,
Dares to confess dependance there,
And fearing Him, none else can fear.

3d.

T..RN..R, the lovely T..RN..R see!
How fine her air how easy! free!
Her countenance form'd to inspire,
Our hearts with glowing ardent fire,
Form'd to inspire extatic love,
An angel form'd for Heav'n above.

4th.

And gentle Av....N, soft and fair,
So elegant in shape and air,
Her thoughtful smile and graceful mien,
Speak sense and rectitude within;
Able herself to entertain
Above the trifling, light and vain.

5th.

And lo! how O..T..N can engage,
Her soft blue eyes might soon assuage,

The man of hardest savage breast,
Ev'n him her smiles might render blest,
But happ'ly she possesses one,
Of mind as gentle as her own.

6th.

And lovely G..L..S, with striking eyes,
That sparkling shoot the love surprize;
An air most noble and a mind
How well inform'd! how well refin'd!

7th.

In B..MF....D, what soft innocence,
Too delicate to give offence,
For did she apprehend but blame
'T would fill her mind with modest shame,
Humility and meekness, hail!
In B..MF....D met, you both prevail,
Who's gentle temper's blest with both,
So high in scale of female worth.

8th.

See B..RB..R, gaily trip along,
With graceful step—a fluent tongue,
That's rapid, blythe, of accent sweet,
And what attractions in her meet!

Mark too her manner! what an air,
That places her beyond compare!
And if her lover meet her eyes,
Sweetly menacingly she cries
"Monsieur! withdraw that staring eye,
Or lo! I frown and you must die."

9th.

....ST..N, so serious, never vain,
So modest that no vice can reign
Within her gen'rous timid heart,
So void of pride, so free of art.
Blest with a soft simplicity,
And tender sensibility;
So never wishes to give pain,
Nor e'er tyrannical to reign.

10th.

And G.....N, of affectation free,
Easy and natural, all agree
These qualities bespeak a heart,
Candid and ready to impart
The social joys, and sweetly tells,
The soothing pleasures that it feels.
Happy's the man blest by her love,
Who from her eyes can never rove.

11th.

M..NWA....NG'S, gentle, mild and gay,
And sprightly age can ne'er decay
These offsprings of a feeling mind,
Which cause her to be well inclin'd
To ev'ry good, and act the part
That dictates her own gen'rous heart;
Her voice agreeable and sweet,
And prudent graces in her meet;
And still so fine her shape and air,
That swains may bid themselves take care.
These graces she will ever hold,
Nor fear the time she may grow old,
For what essentially compose,
Her person, she can never lose.

12th.

C..TT..N'S so candid and sincere,
Will talk and chat, yet none need fear
From her, remarks, keen or severe,
For she by no means is austere.
She not a little seems inclin'd,
To speak her sentiments of mind,
But then 'tis done with such a grace,
Such openness of heart and face,

That sanctifies our just increase
Of pleasure, and gay sprightly ease.
Her person too we happ'ly find
Graceful, as virtuous is her mind,
And with her lively brilliant eyes,
How sure she gives a heart surprise.

13th.

Miss J...B.

Tho' last in place, not least belov'd,
For ev'n of all she is approv'd,
Fair innocence in mildest grace,
Sits smiling triumph! on her face,
Her person elegant of size
Gives pleasure to admiring eyes,
And by her gentle air and mien,
We learn her mind, so calm, serene,
From other tell-tales of the mind,
With true complacency we find,
It well dispos'd and best inclin'd,
To virtues pure and most refin'd,
How mild and temp'rate is her eye!
Which few behold without a sigh.

May the fair maid's terrestrial love,
Be that her parents may approve,
And the celestial may she prove,
The purest, perfectest of love.

TO MISS F....E,

(A Young Quaker.)

HOW free and janty is thy air,
O! tell me nymphs come tell me where
Another is so gay and fair?
Or one that trips so debonnair,
As does the maid of whom I write
And whom I mention with delight?
Proceed my fair be gay and good,
For both together will afford
A soft benevolence of mind,
Will make thee affable and kind,
Will open and display thy heart,
And free thee from that monster art,
Which makes such ravage on the fair
Dictating that affected air.

Lo! pleasure sparkles in thy eyes
And to be cheerful's to be wise;
But be it always understood,
None can be happy but the good,
Then think but once how much you owe,
For ev'ry blessing here below;
Oh! think, and may you grateful prove,
And act from principles of love.

TALE.

ALL on a day at Kedleston,
When company had dinner done,
The nymphs prepar'd to take a walk,
To feast on rural scenes and talk,
And ramble to that little town,
The honest villagers call *Quorn*.
The fields were fine, the weather fair,
And *Quorn* enjoys the purest air.
Now further they were not to go,
As one soon let the others know;
She little time had here to stay,
And quickly hence must go away;

This past, they forward smiling went
In gay pursuit of this intent.
A swain there was who overheard
The whole so plann'd with close regard,
Delighted they so happ'ly gave,
Th' occasion he had wish'd to have;
He quickly after took his way,
With heart impatient of delay,
For in their absence who could stay?
But was he right? no—well-a-day.
With sweet complacency of mind,
He thought himself assur'd to find
The nymphs he deem'd himself behind,
But saw he this, or was he blind?
Expectation sweet and charming
Each corroding sense disarming
Of its probes, gave softest down,
To weave gay pleasures of its own.
Thus full possession of his breast
She took, the simple swain how blest!
He strides away, no nymphs appear,
Reaches the town,—begins to fear,,

And cries "O what a strange affair!"
Suspects,—thinks something says "*beware*,"
Down all his airy fabricks fall,
Sweet fancies, hopes, and joys and all.
His images so bright and gay
Prove empty dreams and flit away;
He thought them nat'ral and refin'd,
True facts and of a genuine kind,
As he revolv'd them in his mind;
But now, no more than whist'ling wind!
The swain chagrin'd, cries "*how forlorn*!"
But man's to disappointment born,
Then why lament, no, let me see!
A sage philosopher I'll be.
Undoubtedly to be alone,
Proves but an individual one,
No other on the spot to find,
To whom to speak the teeming mind.
Perhaps self converse may atone
For social, being thus alone.
Perhaps too it may stand confest,
That lonely here, I'm really blest,
If thus compar'd with other states
Which often give the fickle fates.

As plac'd in tasteless company,
Without, or wit, or mirth, or glee,
Oblig'd to bear the shrew'd-ill grace,
Cast from the arch affected face;
Thus did the swain himself console,
Nor, after, much his case condole.
Returning home without controul,
Philosophizing on the whole,
'Tis sure expedient to submit,
To evils whence there's no retreat,
And make the best of ev'ry state,
That here below may prove our fate.
That he was right in this regard;
Is prov'd by his unthought reward.
For looking up from off the ground,
Whence his philosophy he found,
He saw with rapture's sweet surprise,
And scarcely could believe his eyes;
He saw both gay and debonnair,
Advance to meet him all the fair;
He'ad thought the scene almost divine
Had it proceeded from design,

But accident was surely kind,
(He thank'd her from a grateful mind;)
His heart and eyes admir'd the graces,
Gaily smiling on their faces;
Returning straight he led them on,
Conducting homeward every one;
Not to the face alone confin'd,
Their cent'ral seat's the female mind;
Back to that centre we may trace
Sweet beauty's source that decks the face,
And thence the mild and gentle fair,
Acquire that love inspiring air,
A person of the finest make
The soft affections ne'er can take,
The limbs sublimely form'd and fine,
Their contour exquisite, divine;
f yet inanimate it prove,
t never can command our love,
'he form alone can never bless,
Jo wish excite, no fond caress,
ut sparks struck from a certain grace,
n mien, in manner, or the face,

Glow, flame, fly ardent, undesign'd,
(When minds approach a fellow mind.)
And meeting mix, completely bless,
The coupled souls they both posses;
The two are only one alone,
For both are but a compound one.
May all the well dispos'd then find,
A feeling-fellow heart and mind.

A RETROSPECT.

1

AH Kedleston oft have I hail'd
Thy charms when were present thy fair;
But now thy sad state is bewail'd,
And lamented by sorrow's big tear.

2

Indeed thou wert charming and gay,
I beheld thy sweet scenes with delight;
Scenes dreary and sad now all day,
That us'd social walks to invite.

3

Thy fair ones have left thee forlorn,
All thy charms are engag'd in their train,
And I lonely left but to mourn,
And to sigh for their coming again.

4

But now alas! what shall I do
To spend my sad slow-passing time,
Ye fair, I can think but of you,
For methinks you were almost divine.

5

What pleasure it was ev'ry morn,
To congratulate on the new day,
To hail ev'ry fair-one's return,
With something benignant to say.

6

As I hope you have had a good night,
That nothing prevented your rest,
Permit me myself to invite
Of your party, permit, thus address'd,

7

Adown to the Spa then we went,
Fresh breezes saluting each field,
The enjoyment and pleasing content,
Our prospects and exercise yeild!

8

When arriv'd at the fountain so fine,
And imbibing its pure liquid wealth,
All hailed the clear chrystaline,
So condusive to spirits and health.

9

When again to our station return'd,
How the swains, nymphs, and aged were pl
This variety finely adorn'd,
The apartment with which it was grac'd.

10

Gay chit chat and sweet complaisance,
Soon past and soft flow'd from each tongue,
The first like the gay country dance
The next like the love soothing song.

11

When the breakfast advanc'd one might see,
What a welcome it met from our eyes,
Hail chocolate, coffee, and tea!
Pure repast of the simple and wise.

12

How friendly this social repast!
Promotive of every soft tie!
For the more our free converse increas'd
More delectable proved our joy.

13

low up to our rooms we ascend,
o contemplate, to read, or to write,
r to hold tete-a-tete with a friend,
hich variety gives us delight.

14

on parties are form'd for the fields,
it mostly for *Scarsdale's* fine park,
here we ramble, or sit, either yeilds
esh delight, as soft sings the wood-lark.

15

e remark the most ven'rable trees,
hat grandly-sublime upward rise;
y objects so striking as these,
ature bids us aspire to the skies.

16

ch transparent fountain or spring
ther says or seems surely to say,
in gentle soft tinkl'ings to sing,
'artake of us now while you may."

17

d that large bending beauteous canal
w proud of her waters she seem'd,
w she bid that her flowing waves fall
that manner she rightfully deem'd.

18

How noble the mansion we saw!
Whence we view'd its rich paradise fair,
As Eden itself one might draw,
Does not Eden itself re-appear?

19

How bright was the morning and gay,
When we rambled the shrubs all among,
I shall never forget the blest day,
We so prattled of love and so sung;

20

That soon, all inchantment appear'd,
I was lost in sweet rapture, and seiz'd
The hand of the maid whom I fear'd,
Whom I lov'd, but O! she was displeas'd.

21

How could it my fair one offend,
An effusion so warm from my heart!
Any rudeness I could not intend,
For I lov'd and 'twas done without art.

22

We seated ourselves in each bow'r,
And visited ev'ry alcove,
How fast flew each pleasure-wing'd hour!
'Twas surely the climate of love.

23

, ye sweet scenes then we said,
'ith you no longer can stay,
hence so unwillingly tread,
ırsely to keep the right way.

24

.tention return'd to her seat,
l to the cool flowing waves,
the deer at full speed, fast and fleet,
ach itself wantonly laves.

25

gaining the opposite bank,
:freshment they relish with joy,
playful in whimsical prank,
nay no one their gambols annoy.

26

roups of fine cattle and sheep,
ted our far wand'ring eyes,
.ted they play'd so would sleep,
nan in his state were as wise.

27

arriv'd a good dinner we found,
/hen hungry, what pleasure to dine!
inties with which we abound,
obbing, in bumpers of wine.

28

What obliging civilities pass,
From one and another and all;
As, of favor drink with me a glass!
Or a sentiment give, and then call.

29

Oh! how could I prate all the day!
What laughable scenes could I tell!
While we merrily jaunted away,
To old Derby, and there what befel.

30

And when to grave Matlock we went,
To view her romantic domains,
We sublimely were pleas'd and content,
To contemplate our min'ral-rough gains.

31

But O! the dear season is gone,
It is past, and now what shall I do?
Hence all our fair objects are flown,
And their loss I for ever shall rue.

32

When lonely I walk in the park,
I no other idea can find,
The scenes are all gloomy and dark,
Dusky shadows becloud all my mind.

33

I alone left to mourn?
ertion were surely untrue;
ture has took a like turn,
orrow your absence to rue.

34

as wept and been shedding of tears,
greatest profusion each day;
reary the sables she wears!
as worn since you parted away.

35

object she has in her train,
gloomy dejection receiv'd;
let it not be in vain,
ity think on the aggriev'd.

36

you behold the dread scenes,
our absence, long absence here gives,
'rets the broken remains,
es mournfully losing their leaves.

37

nal once so quiet, grows loud,
ells into rough-beating waves,
despairing, distractedly crowd,
: one but for grief wildly raves.

* Rainy weather.

38

Our birds once so cheerful and gay,
That sung their sweet songs with delight,
All cheerless now mourn on the spray,
That our fair keep so long out of sight.

39

And our fields which this instant I see,
Green complexions are changing for brown,
In short all our objects agree,
That such sorrow—no never was known.

40

Then in pity think on the aggriev'd,
And hasten your joyful return,
You thankfully shall be receiv'd,
And our objects, nor swains longer mourn.

MASTER JACKY R—E.

(By desire of his Mother.)

HAIL! pretty little active boy,
O! may'st thou ever life enjoy,
With all thy present innocence,
Sure preservation from offence,
And which will always charm and please,
Give thy demeanor, softness, ease,

And thy benign simplicity,
Of mind, yet active, sweet and free:
And more, thy person's pleasing grace,
With all the beauties of thy face;
Thee, all these graces clearly prove,
An object of admiring love.
How much thou then must be carest
By thy dear Mother! in whose breast
Thy pretty tender image reigns,
When thou art absent and no scenes
Can thence thee ever dispossess;
For can the tender Mother cease
To love her sweet engaging child?
As soon fair nature might run wild,
Desert her just harmonious laws,
A rebel to the great first-cause.
Thy Father nearly feels the same,
Thy shortest absence gives him pain,
For pleasing child, mild, soft and sweet,
The best attractions in thee meet.
O! may'st thou gaily smiling boy,
For ever prove thy parents joy.

MARGATE,

A Melancholy Lamentation.

1

'TWAS on a low'ring Thursday morn,
All in a bathing room;
When Nature's self appear'd forlorn,
That such a morn should come!

2

That e'er its sad effects should prove,
So woeful unto me,
That those dark omens did not move
Me future things to see.

3

Besure it was for wicked deeds,
That I was so inthral'd,
Since no sad scene the case exceeds,
Where mortal was so maul'd.

4

'Twas on that day and at that place
Which I have nam'd above,
A lady *fair* of goodly grace
Essay'd my heart to move.

5

ıo told me that there was to be
night a public dance,
'hich, *madam, you intend to see!*"
w. mark how things advance.

6

Lord, I dance," she cry'd amain!
dance O! no not I,"
r husband near, still nearer came,
)'d, "Wife, be not so shy.

7

Tou shall oblige the gentleman,
ince he's so good to ask,"
)en prest her o'er and o'er again,
) this a fav'rite task.

8

hile I in chill amazement stood,
see her soon comply,
w free, how gen'rous, kind and good!
w could I then deny!

9

ıt, dearest ma'am," in haste said I,
cannot give my word,
ıt I will dance," and then but why,
ıink I look'd absurd.

10

"From saline draughts I feel so ill,
"When they resistless rage,
"But be assur'd of my good will,
"Tho' I dare not engage."

11

But ah! alas! 'twas fruitless all,
Aye, all that I could say,
And tho' my heart it did appal,
I should engage for tea.

12

What could I do in such a straight,
My reason cry'd no, no,
But modesty's oppressive weight,
Made me her laws forego.

13

And delicacy was concern'd,
For lo! it was not a man
And sure the youth ought to be burn'd
That dares offend a woman?

14

Good nature too must plead her cause,
And bid me not be cruel,
But straight obey without a pause,
Who chose me as a jewel.

15

My friends believe when I declare,
As they would a dear brother,
Severest pain I'd rather bear,
Then cause it in another.

16

But what misfortune may you say
Could possibly ensue?
That gaining thus a lady gay,
You should the prize so rue.

17

Await my friends a little while,
And you shall quickly hear,
Yet let me beg you not to smile,
But rather drop a tear.

18

All in the ball-room lo! we come,
In sweet contrasted grace,
With visage I of rustic gloom,
She with her city face.

19

So drolly pair'd no wonder then,
All should so much admire,
That stoic coldness could remain,
Attach'd to kitchen fire,

20

For would you think this novel friend,
Should prove a city cook?
But who dares with his stars contend,
One must their fiat brook.

21

And I was taken for her mate,
For one that rul'd the roast,
At best a friend associate,
Was all that I might boast.

22

Ah! dire mishap! candor away,
And delicacy hence,
You've sacrific'd me to foul play,
And cannot save me thence.

23

Methinks I'm spitted down to roast,
Or fritt'ring in the pan,
A pancake helter skelter tost,
Or drest a luckless lamb.

24

Excuse me tho' my wild excess,
All decent bounds exceeds;
For know, the heart in deep distresss,
Will speak of desp'rate deeds.

25

When in the dance a wicked dame,
So archly cast an eye,
As to bespread my face with shame,
How keen! the reason why?

26

And then another charming lass,
Fair beauty's sprightly queen,
Who far in dance did all surpass,
And lovely was her mien.

27

Tho' fair, she was as wicked too,
For when I reach'd my hand,
To lead her round, whip round she flew,
Swift as a magic wand.

28

Whil'st I in wonder and amaze,
Stood like a monument,
And scarce my wond'ring eyes could raise,
To see the way she went.

29

But oh! I can no further go,
The subject makes me sad,
What my good friends what shall I do,
I fear I shall run mad!

30

But that alas! would prove in vain.
For Neptune such like fits;
With greatest ease would quick restrain,
And soon restore my wits.

31

I'll then forget the whole I vow,
Forget how it began,
Tho' it be said I am not now,
As once a gentleman.

32

Hard case, what shall I do or say
Myself to extricate,
Egad,—I have it—run away—
And seek a better fate.

MRS. H—DD—N.

MOST lovely of the lovely fair,
Love smooths thy shape, inspires thy air,
Serenely smiles upon thy face,
In ev'ry softest, sweetest grace,
Thou canst not look, thou canst not move,
Without exciting thrilling love.

Many severely may reprove,
These like tautologies of love,
Such repetitions of a word,
As mean and trifling, weak, absurd;
But what abounds within the heart,
Will be the first thence to depart,
So when the heart in love abounds,
That love all other senses drowns;
What else can then the heart indite?
What else direct the pen to write?
From the dear word it cannot rove,
Which was, which is, and will be love.
The soft idea that it gives,
Within my heart for ever lives;
Oh! thou art all that's understood,
Of soft and sweet and ev'ry good;
Then wonder not the swains are mov'd,
To love the fair of all belov'd;
If any ask how this I prove,
But let him look—he'll feel and love.
O yes he'll love, and feel much more,
Than possibly he could before,

For ne'er before was one so fair,
None ever saw thy like appear;
Come then and look with sweet surprise,
My fellow youths, upon her eyes;
Come pay your tribute and adore,
Perfections you may see no more;
Make them the standard of your choice,
Hark! all with loud assenting voice
In warmest extacy declare,
Their utmost wish is, such a fair,
And each that nearest thee arrives,
Shall be the part'ner of their lives.
But 'till some lovely fair like thee,
Each swain of us may happ'ly see,
Thou, thou alone shalt have our praise,
To thee love's altars we will raise,
For sure without dispute we should
Love all that's amiable and good,
And thou wilt surely let us love,
Since thence our hearts will much improve.
O! we will love until our hearts,
Are void of all deceiving arts,
And 'till thy sisters fair may see,
We cannot love but those like thee.

Be then thy picture shown and told,
And may the fair while they behold,
And all thy charms and goodness see,
Resolve at once to copy thee.

A SEVERE REFLECTION,

On a Young Lady saying she would not be like B--th;

WHAT art thou B--TH? that any one should say
She would not be like thee—ah welladay!
Hast thou a mind on which reproach can feed?
And art thou but an idle baneful weed
In Nature's garden?—is thy rank so base
That thou should'st be regarded with disgrace?
And canst thou possibly be that fell weed
Susceptible of black design or deed?
Lurking amidst the sweetest, fairest flow'rs
A fiend that all within his reach devours?
Then wert thou damn'd indeed (were that thy case)
Beyond the reach of mercy, pity, grace!
But hold, my heart, affirm she knows thee not,
Nor can, nor ever will decide thy lot;

Thy lot of character shall still be fair,
Nothing against it does nor shall appear:
Then let her still proceed and still compare,
But be more just, more apposite and clear.

MISS H—G—BIN.

HAIL fairest flow'r! how blest the field!
That could so sweet a product yield;
And how incomparably blest
The swain that were of thee possest.
So soon arriv'd to that degree,
That thy fair likeness none can see,
So pregnant with fair virtue's fruit
We stand surpris'd, amaz'd and mute,
For here the virtues all preside,
And in thy goodness take a pride,
In that pure goodness of thy heart
Where each delighting takes a part.
Blest is the heart so well dispos'd!
Whence best sensations are disclos'd
So delicate so just and kind,
That speak true rectitude of mind.

These mental beauties we behold
Brighter than finest polish'd gold,
Conjointly saying, Nature's hand
Has form'd thee sweetly to command.
Simplicity in charming guise
Smiles on thy face, speaks in thy eyes;
And Nature's softest innocence,
Thou truly hast without pretence.
From artful affectation free,
Possessing real dignity.
Then O! how blest whom thou would'st deign,
Within his heart to rule and reign;
How blest his destiny and fate,
That might enjoy that happy state;
That could his cares with safety trust,
To thy kind bosom firm and just,
That bosom that would ev'ry joy,
Return without the least alloy.
Be not offended that I hail!
Where softness, sweetness so prevail,
Where all the virtues clearly prove,
Our duty is to praise and love.
Yes 'tis a duty that we owe,
To the most amiable below,

That thus abounds in ev'ry good,
Which is of mortals understood.
Still then be affable and kind,
Possess the same unblemish'd mind.
The same soft meekness, candour, grace,
That smiling beam upon thy face,
That calmly-pleasing mild address,
Inspiring love's extream excess.
But thou the more engaging art,
By beauties flowing from the heart.
Be thus thyself, nor hence depart,
For thou art all things as thou art,
Pursue sweet maid this even path,
Pursue it to a welcome death;
A death that will thy joys increase,
And bless with purest sacred peace.

MRS. CL—TT——CK.

FAIR CL—TT—CK! whom all behold with lov
How art thou form'd to charm and sweetly mov
Our best affections wake at thy command,
Such melting softness they cannot withstand;

Our hearts bow willing subjects to thy sway,
Vie with each other which shall best obey,
And such pure pleasures from our duty flow,
Which we cannot account for here below;
Thence ready are to say there sure must be,
Something that imitates divinity.
Thy male admirers prove not this alone,
Thy own soft sex subscribe and say they're won,
By that free affability, natural grace,
Which take in thy demeanour always place;
Tho' thou art fair, almost divinely fair,
And something more than human seems t'appear,
Yet soon we're rais'd above those mortal charms,
Pleas'd victims to thy sentimental arms.
Thy mind susceptible of ev'ry sense,
That kind humanity can there dispense,
Attends to ev'ry tale of weeping woe,
As prompt to aid, prompt as thy tears to flow,
Sweet goodness! in thy goodness take delight,
Charming the mental, as the human sight.
From thy just mode of acting all may see,
The noble fruits of true simplicity.
Thou hast not left kind Nature's gen'rous plan,
Pursue her dictates whence thou first began,

From them thou hast deriv'd that pleasing mien,
That presence so majestic, mild, serene;
Those graces altogether which excite,
Soft, sweet, sensations exquisite delight.
Oh! may thy sister fair example take,
Of thy just conduct, and become awake.
To all the finest feelings of the soul,
Then might their sceptre sway without controul;
Then would their husbands find increasing charms,
And bless the day that gave them to their arms.

MRS. N—V—L.

HOW few are fitted to enjoy
The sweets of life without alloy!
How few with unaffected ease
And readiness are pleas'd and please!
Who in themselves can take delight
From conciousness of acting right,
And who with sweet benignity
And smiling gen'rous dignity,
The same delight to all bestow,
That in their own blest bosoms glow?

And whose benign complacency,
Would very quickly cease to be,
If it unable were to give
The joys it feels itself receive.
N-v-L, in thee we all behold,
Much more than what above is told,
More than one instance of the above,
s why we so admire and love.
'air innocence, mild and serene,
n thy kind countenance is seen,
Vhich seems to say "I triumph here,
Vithout a rival or compeer;"
ay, sister, says simplicity,
'here no monopoly must be,
1 the all-lovely N-v-L's face,
Vhere ev'ry virtue claims a place.
oft mildness there asserts her claim,
.nd gentleness demands the same;
umanity and purest love,
heir titles to it clearly prove;
weet sentiment's complacency,
ays "There 'tis my delight to be;"

And best of virtues, senses, graces,
Demand in their own right their places;
A right deriv'd from thy pure breast,
Of part of which each is possest.
Continue, N-v-l, then to be,
Happy and lovely, gay and free;
For second-self long may'st thou live,
Who merits all thy stores can give,
Thy stores of goodness there will prove,
How pure and constant is thy love.

TO MISS TR——D'S TURTLE DOVE

PRETTY soft and timid Dove,
Object of thy Tr--d's love,
Emblem of the chastest thought,
Happy wert thou to be caught
By the lovely Tr--d's hands,
To obey her kind commands;
Here thou can'st not mourn the grove,
Where thy mate and thee have strove
Which should most excite and move
Sweetest sympathy and love.

lo nor that plum'd mistress mourn,
'ho' to her thou ne'er return,
or thy present mistress fair
'akes of thee much better care,
'es she's kinder than thy first,
'here thou wilt be better nurst,
:oak'd and fondled sooth'd and lov'd,
nd thy senses sweetlier mov'd.
ive thyself to love and joy,
)r thy Fair's without alloy,
nocent and pure as thee,
ire as mortal maid can be.
ı! would'st thou but sweet cooing dove
ansmigrate with a swain in love,
ıd'st thou the pow'r to be a swain,
;oon might lose a thrilling pain.

TALE OF A DOVE,

Devoured by his old Companion, a Cat.

1

ITEND a Tale each feeling heart,
swain and maiden gay,
wounds and death and Cupid's dart,
doleful dismal lay.

2

Oh! what a tale of woeful love,
Of love as strong as death,
Enough the hardest heart to move,
And swell to sighs our breath.

3

From foreign climes a savage maid,
By name call'd puggy cat,
Wide distant from her home had stray'd,
To catch a mouse or rat.

4

Within a cot near Margate town,
She gain'd a kind abode,
And never met a single frown,
Her mistress was so good.

5

And to that cottage quickly came,
A youth from Cyprus' Isle,
Which *Tommy Dove* they call'd by name,
For he would coo and smile.

6

Incognito this youth would come,
But oh! he dearly paid
This vile deceit, for in his tomb
Poor Tom was quickly laid.

7

n was of sweetest Dove-like form,
h gentleness of mind,
ugh to calm the fiercest storm,
meek he was and kind.

8

came from Venus with a heart
n'd by herself to love,
soon he felt death's deadly dart,
en he forsook her grove.

9

hapless youth to wander thence,
earch of diff'rent climes,
leave soft scenes so sweet to sense,
, things to know and times.

10

let me now proceed to tell
sequel of my tale,
dreadful fate that Tom befel,
t all may weep and wail.

11

sooner puggy Cat now saw
i in his plumes so gay,
i quick she felt his beauties draw
yielding heart away.

12

However hard her savage breast,
To love it now must yeild;
She feels and sighs but finds no rest,
In love's delightful field.

13

For ah, alas! her Tommy Dove,
Cannot her flame return,
For one more gentle has his love,
And who for Tom will mourn.

14

Lo! slighted Puggy almost dead,
Of love and pining grief,
When jealous fire from vengeance red,
Flew to her dire relief.

15

Poor Tom at little distance stood,
All-trembling at her rage;
Without a thought of ill or good,
Her anger to assuage.

16

Stern love and jealousy combin'd,
Throb in her breast, and smart,
Fierce round his neck, so sleek, she twin'd,
And swore she'd have his heart.

17

: savage temper now in force,
: more than savage proves,
ws, bites, caresses, 'till a corse
: makes of him she loves.

18

en feeds insatiate on the dead,
Tom's poor mangled form,
re greedily it may be said,
an any church-yard worm.

19

dreary tomb! unhallow'd bed!
glutless maw comprest!
living grave for Tommy dead,
shocking place for rest!

20

s, poor Tom, how hard thy fate!
r all behold and mourn,
uncertainty of ev'ry state,
: thence true wisdom learn.

A YOUNG LADY,

In a Church Yard.

1

HOW pleasingly striking the scene,
To behold one so lovely and fair,
Of countenance mild and serene,
And solemnly pensive in air:

2

In Church-yard amidst graves and alone,
Perusing sad stories of fate,
Lamentingly told by the stone,
As if sorrowful so to relate.

3

Methinks the cold tenants of earth,
Tho' pleas'd might most awfully say,
"Sweet blossom! like thine was our birth,
And like us shalt thou fall and decay."

4

The fair in reply, "All is right
And tho' chillingly dismal the doom,
Beamy day shall succeed the dark night,
At the trumpet's loud call to my tomb."

5

themes, purest object of love,
make thee angelic below,
prepare thee for regions above,
re only pure pleasures can flow.

THE FAIR QUAKER.

R lily, white, mild, soft and sweet,
'd in a shady safe retreat,
lovely flow'r, methinks like thee,
sister fair may wish to be.
le children's tales be true,
hich they daily tell enow,
ight when the poor midwife went,
rdening with good intent,
kindly by some hand was led
the fresh white lily bed,
from the fairest teeming root,
thee the primest, tend'rest shoot;
ice sure it is thou art so fair,
whence that soft and gentle air,
innocence thus pleasing white,
ich the fond admiring sight,
inexpressible delight.

But what is that which smiling rears,
It's head, and gracefully appears?
That says, "Lo! I attend the fruit,
So gather'd from the purest root;"
Methinks sweet goodly grace in thee,
With heartfelt approbation, we
Acknowledge that good child to see,
Fair Nature's child, simplicity.
Simplicity and innocence,
Mild sister graces, soon dispense
A third of purest sovereign grace,
Of any we can elsewhere trace.
Behold her spotless dress and mien,
And gentle dignity,—the queen
Of ev'ry good and ev'ry grace,
Regard her mild angelic face,
In which we must confess to see
Her meek ey'd self—blest purity.
We hail thee, purity, and own
Virtues can spring from thee alone:
Fair maid, in thy external dress,
These virtues speak a sweet excess;

What then may we expect to find
Within the purest spotless mind?
The same which eminently shine,
All nat'ral and without design,
Rising to virtue's highest line,
Refining 'till almost divine.
Rays from the heart the face adorn,
As sunshine gilds the vernal morn;
The face an index to the heart,
Is made by beams that thence depart;
And this thy case we may conclude,
Thy heart possest of ev'ry good,
Thy mind within and form without,
Confirm my theme devoid of doubt.

ADDENDA.

1

HAIL! modest-rob'd society,
Expressive of sobriety,
Rejecting vain variety.

2

Your peace too and good-will I hail,
Which many latent virtues tell,
And will abundantly prevail.

3

Your hearts so stor'd with purest love,
The best of graces from above,
Which never may you cease to prove.

4

Lo! what the prince of peace can give!
A peace that will for ever live,
Whence rich supplies you may receive.

5

Peace, the best foundation brings
For heav'nly and for earthly things,
Whence ev'ry worthy action springs.

6

A mind disorder'd ill conceives,
And ne'er with certainty believes,
But peace arranges and retreives.

7

Whene'er its influence calm and clear,
It certainly must thence appear,
This prince of peace himself is there.

RESENTMENT,

Or, a False Alarm.

GO, go bewitching hussy go,
Since thou at most wilt not bestow

A human heart, nor let appear
A sentiment unless severe;
Nor yet from sharpest anguish spare
A savage!—what inhuman fare!
But yet thou did'st bestow thine eyes
To fascinate, to wound, surprise,
And of the pleasure they did give,
Apparently thou did'st receive.
How could'st thou after then repel
My warm approaches, tell me, tell?
Destruction to my ardent love,
Others in general to approve,
Whil'st I an object most forlorn,
Am singled out to meet thy scorn.
My heart resents and bids thee go,
And take away its store of woe;
If all thy cruelties the store,
O, that I never see thee more.
Ay why, why wilt thou not begone?
Id plague no more, adone! adone!
aste, take thy image from my heart,
Id totally away depart.
ence, never, never more return,

In dreadful flames, my breast to burn;
Then ever from thy face would I,
With desp'rate apprehension fly,
Swift as the stricken panting deer,
To lose the dart that rankles here;
Here in my sharply feeling heart,
That threatens never thence to part:
Swift as the arrow from its bow,
To 'scape my source of pining woe;
Swift as the pinions of the wind,
'Till I some healing balm might find;
Some soft repose, some peaceful rest,
To calm my agitated breast,
And sooth my fretful aching heart,
Allaying thence its dreadful smart;
Begone, why wilt thou not, oh fye!
Nor let me live, nor let me die.

MISS S—M—S.

CALM Nature drew your striking form,
When free from threat'ning cloud or storm,
Herself to charm, please and adorn,
With grace serene as op'ning morn,

ernal month—fair as the sun
bloomy rise his race to run,
nen first he o'er cold nature gleams,
s cheering kind reviving beams,
ore lovely-sweet than any flow'r
n gay parterre or fragrant bow'r;
Mild as the empress of the night,
Diffusing silver rays of light,
On poor benighted past'ral swains,
Wand'ring on wildly dreary plains.
Like her amidst the starry train,
And high as whom thy soul must reign,
Climbing the highest Heaven's heights,
Feasting thyself on holy sights.
Could else thy face on earth below
With such angelic beauty glow?
Cease, cease for once your pious flights,
Descend and view the mortal rites,
Here humbly offer'd by a youth,
Fair virtue's vot'ry, friend to truth,
Who as all virtues you approve,
Is soft-inspir'd with purest love.

Sweet sympathy it warms his heart,
O welcome, swift, mysterious dart,
Welcome to his fast beating breast,
Haste, thither enter, thither rest.
'Tis not a raging false alarm,
'Tis what might fiercest rage disarm,
And should that tyrant seize my breast,
By love may he be dispossest.
The truest harmony refin'd,
Of the most tender pleasing kind,
Composes your most lovely frame,
And sweetly actuates the same.
Your pure intrinsic excellence
Of mind, discovers finest sense;
The graces charmingly combine,
And render you almost divine;
Shall Nature's paragon not inspire,
Can one behold and not admire?
Nor feel the glowing rising fire
Enkindl'd by the powers of love?
An icicle you'd warm and move!
Oh! how I envy'd when I saw,
You but a little bracelet draw,

n your lovely polish'd arm,
ıow it did my heart alarm!
r wishes crowding fast,
essive with most anxious haste;
ɜh'd alas! but all in vain,
re the bracelet there to reign,
ɜ t'embrace, to clasp and warm,
herish, succour, guard from harm,
exquisitely beauteous arm.
ɜst I envy'd ev'ry part
ress, the nearest to your heart;
oft I wish'd but to have been,
ɜle tiny minic pin.
; happiness were it but so,
ɔrest by fingers white as snow,
thought makes all my passions glow.
never hearing harsh refuses,
eceiv'd to twenty uses;
perhaps amongst the rest,
ıtion'd on the heaving breast;
list'ning to the beating heart,
ıll the sighs it might impart,

Especially if it might be,
That only one were made for me;
What happiness past all expression,
Unspeakable by cold discretion.
Come, frenzy, then, no 'tis not meet
To fling her furies at your feet.
Oh! that this lovely maid were kind,
My panting sighs increase the wind,
Bear them, ye winds, to this my fair,
Breathe them in softest breezing air;
Say how I lie in piteous plight,
And that unless some pity light
Upon my drooping fainting heart,
Which fears are pressing to depart,
I soon must die, and ne'er be seen,
And be as tho' I ne'er had been.

THE CABBAGE NET.

Presented to Lady R—h; Addressed to her as supposed from the Net.

My Lady,

A little servant very humble,
Gratefully desires to tumble,

nd to worship at your feet,
ı manner suitable and meet,
nd there to own an obligation,
poke by this concise relation,
Vhich hereafter will be told,
ınd nothing shall but truth unfold.
'So soon as I receiv'd creation
I was told my destination,
Why and wherefore I was made,
And to what uses I should aid,
As said my master," at command
I wrought thee by my faithful hand.
Know, cabbanetta, that I made thee,
Purposely for a fair lady,
Of course desire thou wilt behave
As a submissive humble slave,
For know had not an high command,
Directed my obeying hand,
On thy intended lady's part,
Thou surely wert not what thou art;
But just as nothing would have been,
Jnknown, unthought of, and unseen,
'And hence my lady have I known
That I belong to you alone"

As from your kind behests I spring,
I surely owe you ev'ry thing,
And will be faithful to my trust,
Until I'm pulveriz'd to dust;
Containing whatsoever diet
You shall always find me quiet.
Tho' in the fiercely boiling pot,
'Midst bubbling waves, hot, scalding hot,
Or topsy-turvy tost about,
In hasty hurly-burly rout;
Or flung aside for mouse or rat,
Or claw'd by pug the swearing cat;
Such usage I will even dare,
To brave and resolutely bear,
O then accept me! if you please,
To such like services as these."

IMPERFECTION;

Or, A Young Lady's absence from her Apartme having left open the Door which was approach'd but not enter'd.

AH! blest apartment of my fair,
Where, where's thy mistress, tell me where?

calm my anxious beating heart,
ready from my breast to start,
e's gone! or it were death to stay,
ath to affront or to obey.
relic is there left behind,
at kindly might console the mind!
! at a single glance mine eyes
py and sparkle at the prize;
d my poor heart goes pit-a-pat,
hile as beholding this and that,
hile I twenty things discover,
resting but to the lover.
what sweet delicious treat!
ese little trivial things how great!
there a pretty pencil lies,
h of the neatest form and size,
t hang it would it so appear,
ere it not thine my lovely fair?
ne to my fingers and be prest,
et painter of my Sally's breast;
charming fingers prest thee so,
why are mine in such a glow!
ne verbal servant of her thoughts,
ose sweetly mental soft reports,

Come tell me or but let me see,
If e'er my Sally thinks of me.
And that white chastely-looking glove,
Embracer of the arm I love,
Thank thy apparent innocecne,
That guards from giving high offence;
Such softness sure was never known,
But thou hast been by Sally worn;
For wert thou never on her arm,
O never could'st thou thus alarm.——

MISS L—W—SS.

METHINKS a theme I understand,
The beauties of a female hand,
Together with the influence
They have on finely feeling sense.
O would the fair attention prove,
Or keep us constant in our love,
How well they might our hearts command,
By this fair signal sceptral hand;
As Nature form'd it to bestow,
What gives the heart the warmest glow.
'Twas form'd expediently to rule,
To bless the man, to check the fool,

To deal to man the pleasing bliss,
The sweet permission of a kiss:
But if this bounty be deny'd,
By modesty, reserve, or pride,
Tho' all alive the heart before,
The warm pursuit is given o'er,
For like cold water cast on fire,
The passion damp'd may soon expire,
Tho' not without regret and pain,
And grief one hardly can sustain,
Then, lovely sisters, beauty's queens,
Altho' so young, tho' still in teens,
Kindly present the sceptral hand,
Fair Nature's sweetest magic wand;
For such inchantment thence will part,
As will affect the very heart;
Such pleasing pow'rs unknown before,
Will cause us all to love, adore!
That were the time to form a choice,
To join with one consenting voice,
Or if so soon you do not want,
At an amusing gay gallant;

Your sceptres us'd with gentle sway,
All would be ready to obey;
For all things nat'ral just and good,
Subsist but from a proper food.

A DREAM.

Waking thence, when troubled by the Tooth-Ach and pains in the Head.

WHERE am I? to what unknown place arriv'd,
I breathe! O 'tis the spot where late I liv'd,
Let me bethink myself! was I not dead,
From death's sharp arrows piercing thro' my head?
Methinks for four long hours I bore the shock,
When all the springs of life seem'd to unlock;
All willing as I was to fly the pain,
A something yet I felt that would detain,
A cutting something, held my soul in strife,
I wand'ring cry'd, "O grant me first a wife."
And then ensu'd a woeful sigh and groan,
So deep as sure before was never known;
And still I cry'd as near expiring life,
"Spare, spare me first and bless me with a wife!"

But all in vain, Nature subdu'd, retires,
And with my life connubial hope expires.
Yet ev'n in death I call upon my love;
Whom more than death I feel my heart to move.
Her image in my soul I 'strait convey,
To regions of the purest brightest day;
All hail! ye fair, benignant pitying skies!
That instantly now seem to realize,
This image that within my breast I've bore,
Unto your kind and hospitable shore.
'Twas L-w-s, lovely L-w-s, that impress'd,
Her charming picture on my yielding breast,
And this blest picture in this distant clime,
Becomes substantial glowing all in prime;
Becomes my own a willing grateful fair,
Still more angelic in her face and air.
Unbounded joys obtain sweet passions glow,
Which in warm extacy concurrent flow;
The present prospect of unceasing bliss,
Appears beyond a possible increase.
When lo! a thund'ring knock * assaults my door,
My joys disperse, expire and are no more.
Unkind delusion! 'tenfold in deceit!
That prov'd than ev'n reality more great.

* Being called up by the Servant.

Thus here I end my great important the
A bilking, vap'rish, tantalizing dream.

THE FATAL EXCURSION.

1

ADIEU expectation and hope,
Gay flatt'rers of joy and delight,
That say with you nothing can cope,
That nothing like you can invite;

2

I grant you are pleasing and fair,
And paint future objects so fine,
That presentiment seems to endear,
And to render those objects divine.

3

And I trust as appearances say,
With many contingencies too,
That you may not design to betray,
But declare what's apparently true;

4

And I own I believ'd what you said,
When the L-w-ss charming and gay,
By destiny sweetly were led,
Fam'd Margate a visit to pay.

5

They came with the loves in their train,
Debonnaire in soft graces and charms,
Who then could his bosom restrain,
From feeling seductive alarms?

6

But complaisance having dispell'd
The effects of alarm and surprise,
Composedly thence we beheld
The lustre that beam'd from their eyes.

7

But oh! the unfortunate day,
When in party to Kingsgate we went,
That I had been thence far away,
And escap'd what I e'er shall repent!

8

It was bold and extravagant too,
The jest I dar'd venture to make,*
I own it and ever shall rue,
And lament the unhappy mistake.

* Of two Rivals it was observed that one of them might have pushed the other over the Cliff.

9

But oh! lovely fair recollect,
If you were not amus'd at the time,
That you then did not seek to detect,
Neither shadow nor substance of crime.

10

And your bursts of loud laughter increas'
My successive proud flashes of fire,
When I soar'd above reason in haste,
But to see if of laughter you'd tire.

11

But oh! to be seriously took,
When the passion began to subside,
The idea was too much to brook,
That you foreign sense should provide.

12

How fatal, alas, to my peace,
Has been this so luckless mistake,
A prejudice never to cease,
An enemy always awake.

13

Thro' this cloudy medium is seen
Ev'ry unguarded slip of my tongue,
Tho' I vow and protest there has been,
By design,—not one sentiment wrong.

14

Then be not too hard with a swain,
Who's unable such harshness to bear,
Delight not to see him in pain,
But be gentle and kind as your fair.

15

Oh! heavens, and could it be true,
That constructions so cruel were made;
That I outrage unbounded might shew,
Might their sacred retirements* invade!

16

'Tis too much, too ungen'rous to bear,
To bear from the feminine breast;
Start bigger, big indignant tear,
Sure friend of the hardly opprest.

SONG.

1

SOFTEST, sweetest, balmy breezes,
Lend your wafting wings to bear,
What your gentle pow'r increases,
All my sighs unto my fair.

* The surmises of an old Maiden Aunt.

2

Haste, be speedy in your passage,
Haste for I can take no rest,
'Till your ardent sighing message,
Melt her icy frozen breast.

3

Gently breathing all my anguish,
Soft salute the peerless maid;
Tell her how I sigh and languish,
With my sighs her heart invade.

4

Cause a soft and sweet effusion,
From her yielding breast to rise,
Press her to this fair conclusion,
That to love is good and wise.

SUEING FOR PITY.

1

OH! fairest of the human race,
From thy mild presence beam
A gentle ray of pity's grace,
Thy pity is my theme.

2

My eyes look earnestly to thee,
'Till lost in sweet surprise;
No other object can they see,
Pity my wishful eyes!

3

My mind once peaceful and serene,
To blithely joys inclin'd,
O long a gloomy scene has been!
Pity my gloomy mind!

4

Panting I sigh with soft desire,
Mixt with a tender smart;
My heart consumes with wasting fire,
Pity my lovelorn heart!

5

Take pity then upon a swain,
Grant this kind female grace,
Within thy breast let pity reign,
And melt upon thy face.

6

Then would I dare to speak my love,
While goodness truly pure,
Most sweet and tenderly should move
Thy pity for my cure.

SONG,

From la Lumiere, &c.

1

HOW serene, how pure a pleasure,
Gives the op'ning dewy morn,
Mark fair Nature's bounteous treasure,
Flocks and herds and waving corn;
But thyself alone can'st please me,
And this rural scene so gay,
In thy absence can't release me,
From disquiet all the day.

2

ZULMA, in life's early season,
When we view'd the sun and skies,
How was our infantine reason,
Struck with wonder and surprise!
Now in all the scenes of Nature,
There is not one charm for me,
And thy Lover, lovely creature,
Thinks of nothing but of thee.

3

Thou hast not as yet delighted,
But in sunshine, stream, or grove,
Now my ZULMA is invited,
To the joys of nuptial love;
Quickly under his auspices,
Thou in thine own hand shall see,
Roses twin'd in love's devices.
Which kind Hymen guards for thee.

LAURA.

1

WHEN first I saw my LAURA weep,
My leaping heart I scarce could keep
Within my soft alarmed breast,
In warm anxiety it beat
Impatiently seem'd to intreat,
A flight to her on tears to feast.

2

Fair liquid pearls, transparent bright,
Approach'd successively the light,
As if her lovely face to seek;
Enamour'd of the beauteous sight
They nothing feel but pure delight,
And sighing tremble on her cheek.

3

And tears her beauties more increase,
Which languish now in soft embrace,
Seeming tremblingly to die;
Exquisite blessing so to do,
Such pure sensations to pursue,
Exhausting ev'ry heaving sigh.

4

Such rivals may I ever find,
Proceeding from the tender mind,
That source of love how strange the case!
As offspring of the feeling heart,
Each rival proves another dart,
To wound afresh my troubled peace.

5

How strange I say the case must be,
Rivals to love as well as thee;
Indeed to such excess I love,
That these pure pearls upon thy face,
These rivals all prove each a grace,
And straight again my passions move.

6

And yet methinks on second thought,
'Tis not so strange thus to be caught,

y rivals that so aid thy charms;
ince thy soft tenderness of heart,
as made and bid them thence depart,
nd be love's genuine alarms.

7

ut let me see what I'm about,
erhaps I may be greatly out,
o think these tender tears my foes;
may mistake, let, let me see,
My faithful friends may they not be?
And manifestly weep my woes?

8

My friends most true if thus you flow,
If one kind drop you thus bestow,
Indeed it shall not fall in vain;
I fly to wipe the tear away,
My grateful heart would so repay
The pity that removes my pain.

SPRING.

HAIL, gentle nymph, of aspect mild,
And beauteous Nature's sweetest child,

Benignest of the circling four,
Fair daughters that thy mother bore,
To part and vary sober time,
Suited to ev'ry land and clime;
We see thee placid nymph appear,
Serenely smiling thro' a tear,
O haste! in softest weeping smiles,
To bless with plenty all our Isles.
For all behold! present their faces,
To thy fertile kind embraces.
Welcome with thy blest attendants,
All our joys are thy dependants,
Softest air, sweet odours breezing
While in grateful warmth increasing;
From warm beamings warmer growing,
Rays of the great Sol's bestowing;—
Each morning now more early gleams,
And show'rs descend in gentle streams;
The birds distend their little throats,
As blithely singing sweetest notes,
Rejoicing gaily thee to find,
So mildly-smiling fresh and kind,

ut all thy bounteous gifts to know,
Ve to thy rich effects should go,
een in the vegetable race,
Vhere greatest blessings we may trace.

MISS B——Z——R.

' could'st thou, B--ZE-R, love the swain,
Vho's heart is all in glowing pain,
Vho caught of smiling love the glee,
Vhen first he did thy person see.
) could'st thou love with equal glow,
Hymen would tell us what to do.
Now if thy mien one may believe,
Thou can'st not possibly deceive,
't simply seems to speak thy heart,
A stranger to deceiving art;
And that thou fearless art to shew,
What either thou may'st think or do.
Adhere to this thy Nature's line,
Vhich renders thee almost divine.
er favours unto thee are great,
few of them let me repeat.
hy stature of the neatest size
that which ev'ry one may prize.

Thy person in its parts so form'd
At which the stricken heart is warm'd.
One surely might affirm in thee,
The air of ev'ry grace to see.
The softest eye, serenely fine,
Which speaks its principal design;
That is, to look the tender heart,
Whose feelings thro' its beams depart,
And open by this orb a way,
A passage to meridian day.
But that is not the only road,
Thro' which they leave their first abode,
For ev'ry feature has its share,
Exulting in its fav'rite care;
And says unto the eye "I shew
My tender feeling much as you."
But all delight to speak thy fame,
Look, motion, gesture, all the same,
And thy deportment softly tells,
Something so sweet it mildly feels,
That seiz'd with pleasure, all admire,
The warmth increases to fire,
And soon before they are aware
They feel a weight of pleasing care.

O could'st thou, B--z--r, love the swain,
Who's heart is all in glowing pain,
Who caught of smiling love the glee,
When first he did thy person see.
O could'st thou love with equal glow,
Hymen would tell us what to do.

THE CONTEST.

Smila, Frownus, and Umpire.

SMILA.

AND can you, FROWNUS, be so vain,
To think where uncontroul'd you reign,
That face can ever charm or move,
A heart to pity or to love?
Those pleasing pow'rs are none of your's;
What heart vexatious frowns endures,
Without disgust? and tho' before
It lov'd,—can it love any more?
Thus all to pieces you'd have broke
That soft engaging downy yoke,
So sweetly form'd by me alone,
This wicked FROWNUS you'd have done.

Moreover you pretend to say
The black, the brown, the fair, the gay,
And all invite you to their faces,
As the chief of pleasing graces:
Meer stuff indeed! I do maintain,
You never in your life could gain
A single heart, howe'er you strove,
To form an interest there for love.
But as for me my native smiles,
Altho' by you esteem'd but wiles,
Are sure to move the feeling heart,
Without disembling guile or art.
Of this I proofs enow could show,
But ask now if it is not so
My mother Nature? she can tell;
These subjects she knows very well.

FROWNUS.

SMILA, you really vaunt away,
Of words you make a grand display,
But I regard not what you say,
Say what you will or what you may;
And you would then refer to Nature
This our warm contest,—poorest creature.

Thinking that to prove it true,
Dame Nature has no child but you.
Ah! what a palpable mistake!
Or malice, and but for the sake,
That you from the same mother sprung,
With me your betters,—hold my tongue,
And cease my blushing face to own,
What I could wish to be unknown.
But for this filial near relation,
O, what a dose of sweet vexation
Could I soon give to mar your smiles,
Exposing all their evil guiles,
Yes truly I'm asham'd to be,
So near related unto thee.
So soft thou art, so meek and mild,
So feminine, so much the child,
That I despise thee from my heart,
And swear to act thy counterpart;
And do not doubt to let you see,
You never can compare with me.
You think a trifling leer trepans,
More than my dignity commands;

You may continue so to do,
And yet be much mistaken too;
But verbally I scorn to prove
This nice affair respecting love;
Be your's that superficial part,
As best becoming all your art;
But I'll to facts themselves that show,
The truth,—that all the truth may know.
The first,—in Betsy F-x you'll find,
My very soul and all my mind;
The reason all affirm and vow,
They love—not knowing why nor how.
You ne'er exhibited such grace,
As I do on her frownful face.

SMILA.

Hold, FROWNUS, what a grand mistake
In this first instance, now you make,
That Betsy F-x, you should pretend,
Is wholly your's,—oh! no my friend,
No doubt but she belongs to me,
Which ev'ry one with eyes may see;
Assuredly she's all my own,
As like me as if both were one;

This maid I glory in as mine,
While on her face I dimpling shine,
Till I become almost divine.
Is this the maid I should resign?

FROWNUS.

Traitor! away, nor dare declare,
Those rights you cannot make appear,
Or you are blind or you might see,
How all her looks with mine agree;
Would you together both compare,
You'd find we like each other are
To that degree, that all in vain,
You'd try to separate the twain;
And take in your perplexity,
Me for herself, or her for me;
'Tis base in you thus to pretend,
Altho' you stile yourself my friend,
I will not yield this grateful fair,
And grant my fav'rite guardian care,
The best disciple that I have,
You wish it said I SMILA gave;
Impeaching my divinity,
And all thy foolish friend to be;

Sooner I'll frown thee unto death,
So hold thy tongue and save thy breath.

SMILA.

Nay, FROWNUS, 'tis not well to rail,
Full conscious that your reasons fail,
You'd frighten from my meekly mien,
Both all of gentle and serene,
Essaying roughly to inspire,
Within my breast mad anger's fire,
Could you do this it then were true,
That I as vulgar were as you.
But I regard not what you say,
She's mine, for mine's the better plea,
And still my right is stronger prov'd,
In that she smiles and thence is lov'd.

FROWNUS.

She smiles? 'tis false and stands unprov'd,
I say she frowns and thence is lov'd,
I give as well those frowns that please,
As I do those that vex and teaze;
And in a frown of purest kind,
There's pleasure, sense, and feeling-mind;

But UMPIRE's by,—suppose he say,
Which of the two's the better plea?

SMILA.

Agreed—UMPIRE without delay,
(Which certainly's the shortest way,)
Shall tell to which the maid shall be,
Your hand—to this we both agree.
That howsoe'er he may decide,
By that decision to abide.

UMPIRE.

My children both of you are wrong,
This fruitless contest to prolong;
And yet methinks you both are right,
As seen by each in diff'rent light.
For Betsy F-x doth clearly shew,
How well she uses both of you;
Or let her smile, or let her frown,
The swains her charms admire and own;
For frowns when sanction'd by the fair,
Add something pleasing to the air;
And smiles without that sanction given,
Please not,—so surely both are even.

But when they both their force combine
The fair will to perfection shine.
And yet methinks this decent maid,
Of either wants but little aid;
So rest content, nor strive in vain,
For what you neither can obtain.

LOVE, INCONSTANCY, &c.

1

LONG had a lovely woman's charms,
Created in my breast alarms,
And many pleasing smarts;
So warmly seem'd they to invite,
To soft and sweet and pure delight,
I welcom'd all their darts.

2

But when, alas, my heart inflam'd,
I tremblingly my passion nam'd,
Just ready to expire;
My answer was, "Youth in your turn,
Kindle the heart for which you burn,
And profit by the fire."

3

I then essay'd it more and more,
Sigh'd, wish'd, and look'd, and dar'd t'adore,
But all to no avail;
Then straight resolv'd I ne'er would see,
The Syren, but again be free,
And never more assail.

4

With many struggles I obtain'd,
My freedom and my heart regain'd,
When lo! new trials came;
Again I see of fine and fair,
Each has in turn the sweetest air,
And all in turn inflame.

5

But from experience soon I found,
Nothing of good could e'er redound,
From fast succeeding loves;
How feeble, how unlike my first,
But succedaneums at the most,
The bane of him that roves.

6

But witness, all ye pow'rs, if I
Left my first love without a sigh,

Big tears and sad regret;
Heard ye not groan my rended heart,
When forc'd in anguish to depart,
Unnatural retreat!

7

Now disint'restedly I see,
That charming sex, as they may me,
With wishes for their good;
Yet not without delight to find,
Their sentiments more just and kind,
As better understood.

8

And tho' sometimes they cruel be,
As this my fair has been to me,
It is that pow'rs constrain;
Ill fiends from fate prevent their love,
For him in whom they passion move,
Their love-sick dying swain.

9

And sometimes on the other hand,
Fate unrelenting will command,
A maid to love a swain;
The swain unable to return,
The flames that in her bosom burn,
Or give her heart again.

10

Then let the disappointed learn,
Ready submission, and not mourn,
The ills they cannot cure;
Turn each to his own troubled mind,
Which will, when cultur'd and refin'd,
Ills patiently endure.

THE SELF DEBATE.

Irresolution at an Assembly.

1

PERPLEXT, not knowing what to do,
This way or t'other to pursue,
Absorb'd in deep suspense;
Nature and int'rest say "Advance
Demand the hand, and urge the dance,
Admiting no pretence."

2

But supposition's non-consent,*
Made thro' my heart a fearful rent,

* The Old Maiden Aunt had mischievously given out, that the Young Lady would not dance, altho' she had previously promised her Hand, which occasioned this Piece of Irresolution.

And shook my bony frame;
And said, "Seek not from views of pride,
A boon that could be deny'd,
As it would merit blame."

3

And could I then a pleasure seize,
Because obtainable with ease,
Yet not without regret;
To steal the hand and not the heart,
Pleasure dismay'd, would surely start,
And hasten her retreat.

4

This pleasure can I then forego,
Passion and Nature both say "No,
And point to thrilling joy;
But generosity says "Yes,
That it were an ignoble bliss,
So not without alloy."

5

I know not if I sleep or wake,
If right, or under some mistake
Perplext still more and more;
Why not more distant in her air!
Why yet more pleasing, still more fair!
Were it not to restore!

6

That I my fatal ills may bear,
I now reject pale weakly fear,
That boldly I may gain,
A harsh resentment from her breast,
To give a temporary rest,
Or to decide my pain.

7

But she so soft, so meek, so mild,
Renders me gentle as a child,
My best sensations wake;
I stand amaz'd, I surely dream'd,
And wish what first so real seem'd,
May all prove meer mistake.

MISS BL——K——B—RY.

(Written by desire, on the behalf of a Young Buck, to a Young Lady any one might Love.)

HEALTH to the delicately merry,
The amiable BL--K--B-RY!
And ev'ry blessing too attend,
Fair virtue's fav'rite choice and friend.

A stranger trembling in dismay,
His tribute would presume to pay,
Where sweet appearances so charm,
Please and affect with soft alarm;
Yet would he not his altars raise,
To meer external beauty's praise.
Tho' thou art fairest of the fair,
Possess'd of the most graceful air,
Which balances a form so fine,
Approaching one almost divine.
Altho' thy eyes dart softest fires,
Within the heart to light desires,
So ardent, yet so chaste and pure,
That one must wish them to endure;
Tho' forcing out in sighs one's breath,
'Till almost in the arms of death,
Altho' thou hast the finest face,
That love e'er made a point to grace,
With all the charms of ev'ry kind,
He ever form'd or e'er design'd;
Each feature smiling softest loves,
Rejoicing at the joys it moves;
Tho' altogether one might say,
Thou art the Sun of beauty's day,

'he female Sun of mildest fire,
ll rob'd in beauty's own attire;
)ispensing lambent beams below
)n thy admirers, 'till they glow
Vith emanations from thy stores,
Till each inspir'd with love, adores;
)h! no I say, tho' this the case,
et me not outward beauty trace;
or 'tis the mind, good sense, and soul,
hat only shall my heart controul.
ut, gentle maid! forgive the man,
Vho writing as he first began,
ursuing not what he design'd,
he beauteous picture of the mind!
orgive, when outward graces prove,
ich objects of admiring love;
s from their excellence we find,
hem soften'd by a tender mind.
nd whence that chastly-smiling air
nd thence thine eyes so mild appear?
nd sweetly make thy charming face,
throne of ev'ry pleasing grace,
Vhich shines with such benignity,
hat all admiring, say they see

Something, they know not what so pure,
Too much for mortals to endure.
Without a thousand things essay'd,
To win so int'resting a maid;
And then their feelings grow so fine,
They think themselves almost divine,
Then dare presume themselves so great,
The highest favors to intreat;
Forgetting what they soon must find,
They're great, but from thy greater mind;
Which first inspir'd their futile dreams,
Of greatness, goodness,—happy themes!
When, if thou but dispense a frown,
Their baseless fabricks tumble down.

FEMALE GRACES.

BEAUTEOUS maid! almost divine!
In thee with brightest splendor shine,
The sweetest graces from each part,
That cast a charm to ev'ry heart.
Inchanting fair! who can withstand
The form and whiteness of thy hand!

Oh! where's one like it,—one so neat?
So graceful! whence there's no retreat.
But lo! what myriads we may trace,
While we behold thy lovely face,
As in thy eye, so placid, meek,
And in thy wreathy smiling cheek.
While others from the mind within,
Come, playful, dimpling in the chin,
And on thy coral tempting lips,
See ev'ry one, delighting, trips.
And lo! the fine acquilline nose!
Gradations full and sparing shows,
Nimbly they gain that easy height,
The ample forehead's snowy white,
A noble seat! a blest abode!
That e'er on graces was bestow'd.
Anon, all in the flaxen hair,
We see them sporting debonnair;
And now their quick descent we track,
While loosely flaunting down the back;
Delighting in the wanton tresses,
Lo! each its fav'rite ringlet dresses,
With so gay, so sweet an art,
That wounding strikes and thrills the heart.

Hence fast wand'ring without rest,
They fall adown the taper'd waist.
Here their beauties all increase,
While making of it neatly less,
Then hast'ning coyly to expand,—
* * * * * * * *
But hold my hand,—my hand I hold,
For modest graces may grow bold.

COMPLAINT.

AND can my fair create a pain,
It cruel were to give again?
What pity O! should thence derive,
Sharp feelings that so much aggrieve;
That purest goodness ever should,
So seem t'appear, nor kind, nor good;
That fears, surmises, should restrain,
That goodness in its lib'ral reign,
That still reserve, cold and unkind,
Should rule within the female mind;
That Summer, wintry fruits should give,
Oh! who in such a clime can live?
Farewell,—away, 'twere best to die,—
The dreadful cogent reasons why!

A LADY,

Going to bathe in the Sea.

LO! Venus hastens to the waves,
And straight her charming person laves;
The waves behold with sweet surprise,
Transforming into am'rous eyes,
And anxious, swelling crowd to see
The beauteous female deity!
Peace, peace my subject waves, she cries,
And ev'ry rising tumult dies,
Old Eolus too obeys her will,
And bids his boist'rous pow'rs be still.
Divinity may thus command,
The sea, the air, the peopled land;
Then condescend to bless a swain,
That he the best of favors gain,
That as the waves thy beauties press,
Competitors for sweet caress,
The wavy suitors he exceed,
While their's the strife, be his the deed.

THE BANTER.

To Miss B-n-e; on closing her Calash when meeting some Gentlemen.

O, lofty B-N-E! there sure must be,
Some traits of deity in thee;
Then condescend to let us see,
Some rays of that divinity;
Perhaps thou great Diana art,
That goddess chaste of callous heart,
Who for a small offence indeed,
Made poor Acteon sadly bleed;
Saw pityless without a sigh,
A vig'rous youth forlornly die,
By his once gen'rous grateful hounds,
That tore him into gaping wounds.
Say, flaunty B-N-E, say, if in thee
We may that fiercest goddess see?
If so thou art become more kind,
A change in an immortal mind!
In choosing that calassive vail,
Which thy kind purpose cannot fail.
For when bold daring youths assail,
Then let it for their good prevail.

When vot'ries true present before,
Ready to prostrate and adore;
The veil obeys the clue's command,
Just as the clue obeys thy hand;
And tho' thy face expos'd before,
Galassive clouds now shade it o'er,
And those immortal charms so bright,
Are veil'd from grossly mortal sight;
No doubt in pity to mankind,
Thinking it gen'rous thus to blind,
Thy charms from us as too divine,
Kindly preventing them to shine;
And dart their rays on mortal things,
Whether on Gentlemen, or Kings,
Bearing such brightness in their rays,
Might set our hearts in dang'rous blaze;
Consuming life as painfully
As poor Acteon's death could be.
Indians adore the solar rays,
When in their hottest fullest blaze.
Till innate and external fire,
Consume,—they sigh,—adore,—expire.

Alas! and wert thou not so good,
As now to wear that shading hood,
Like prostrate Indians we might die,
Not knowing wherefore—how—nor why!

THE FIRE-SIDE.

ALL silent, sitting by my fire,
Regarding its most busy flame,
In flashes rising high and higher,
As if to reach some point of fame.
Now might they not be understood,
As emblems of the minds of men,
Methinks the simile holds good,
So let me notice them again.
Ev'ry flash ambitious seems,
Dispos'd to rival all the rest,
And if it can exceed, it deems
Itself, assuredly the best.
When lo! a spark of genius flies,
And proudly leaving all behind,
Directs its motions toward the skies,
And mounting, bustles in the wind.

ıngers to which it is expos'd,
smay it not, it darts about,
r foggy darkness tho' enclos'd,
ars not its brilliance will go out.
ɔjects of action soon it meets,
f parch'd combustibles and dry,
round the which it wildly fleets,
ɔserving them with glowing eye.
'ith hopes elate, and thoughts on fire,
hastes its influence to discharge,
ɔ sounding fame it would aspire,
o fame unlimited and large.
ow springs its pow'rs, the world inflames,
ɔnsumes its noble solid frame,
ıd for a single moment dreams,
gains—but what?—a deathful name!
men there are who would be great,
ıd indefatigably strive,
ɔ reach a certain fixed state,
which they wish but to arrive.
ıat point no sooner gain'd, they find,
hich was to render all complete,
t sets them further still behind,
at oft imagin'd happy state.

Suppose the man that could subdue,
The world and all his fellow men;
What happiness would thence ensue,
Tho' he so great what were his gain?
By fame or ease would he be blest?
Oh! no, for both would prove a jest,
And he beheld, while slaves carest,
A male-content, of all possess'd.
His point obtain'd, he soon must leave,
Obtain'd as if but to deceive,
Then almost wishing loss of fame,
Of high renown, of noblest name.
Soon dies—is dead—the bustling pother,
Gain'd hardly,—now is mute and over.

TO A FRIEND.

(Written on my way from London to Margate.

DEAR SIR,

I'M really very bad
And not unlikely to go mad,
My mind and brain are both so loaded
And my heart so much corroded,

From a loss of circumstances,
Which produc'd delicious fancies;
All of which, I'm now bereft,
A prey to gloomy sadness left.
In country cottage all alone,
Nothing to do but sigh and groan,
Thence must my ev'ning sadly pass,
Unless you will permit of grace,
Your friend, past pleasures to recite,
In which he took so great delight,
Altho' in ev'ry one he found,
Sad disappointment to abound.—
When first arriv'd at London town,*
Full well I was receiv'd I own;
By all my good respectful friends,
On whom my happiness depends.
A wedding tie had just been done,
A swain and nymph made into one.
On which occasion many wives,
Wish'd them both long and happy lives;
And one there was among the rest,
Of beauty and demeanour blest,

*From Leiceste r.

To that excess, to that degree,
None could but love, none could be free.
And love o'er me with other fools,
So tyrannizes, triumphs, rules,
That I was forc'd to fly away,
Tho' death to leave, 'twas more to stay.
Of fruit forbidden, death's the bane,
Moreover infamy and shame;
This mother Eve found to her cost,
She loiter'd, parley'd, and was lost.
No sooner was I extricated,
Than point-blankly was I fated,
To a fresh, a sweet temptation;
Here I fell, consideration
Stumbled with me in my fall,
At least was deaf unto my call.
But this most happy might have been,
Had not my age dar'd intervene;
For know the maid was young and fair,
Most elegant in shape and air,
And decency in purest dress,
How pleasingly she did possess!
I look'd with caution, but in vain,
I strove to damp the rising flame;

But more repress'd it mounted higher,
And soon became an ardent fire.
When lo! amidst the spreading flames,
Cupid at night inspir'd my dreams,
Which all referr'd to this my fair,
But oh! which led to black despair.
My mind with gloomy forms possess'd,
Methought, I Cupid thus address'd.
Cupid, kind pow'r! withold thy dart,
Transfix it not within my heart,
Cease, mighty Cupid, cease to wound,
Where such disparity is found,
Or it were far beyond thy art,
To cast a like love-piercing dart,
Within the breast of this lov'd fair,
To form for me an interest there!
The dread disparity's too great,
I fear and deprecate my fate;
Yes, now I fear what's often told,
Procrastination makes us old."

ON A LADY IN TEARS,

Seeing some Convicts, passing for Execution.

IN early prime of female youth,
Whence virtues spring with blooming truth,
Where softest sentiments reside,
Mild, unaffected, free from pride,
Where dwells within the open breast,
What only should be prais'd, carest,
A sensible and feeling mind,
Benignant passions, sweet and kind.
Dispos'd to mourn and sympathize,
Sincerely and without disguise,
A fellow creatures hap'less fate,
That weeps, it cannot extricate.
By willing aid, from deep distress,
And render happiness and peace.
This, this the maid that should receive
The purest incense we can give,—
At such a scene, a tear's a grace,
And gives fresh beauty to the face;
And instantly the heart inspires,
With tender loves, and kindling fires;

But be it understood and known,
We cannot possibly be born,
Only to sigh, to weep, and mourn,
To look so deathly and forlorn.
When Spring, prime daughter of the year,
So kindly condescends t'appear,
She enters with soft breezing sighs,
And tears oft streaming from her eyes,
Her dispositions temp'rate flow,
'Till by degrees they warmly glow;
Proving the lovers friendly clime,
Approaching nearest the divine.
Accept the hint, and as you prove,
To ev'ry one a source of love,
If for a fav'rite, that soft flame,
You felt yourself, could any blame?
Chase then sad objects from your mind,
Give tears and sighs unto the wind,
That warm and gen'rous passion prove,
Of all most gen'rous—that of love.

NATURAL LANGUAGE.

On Jemmy E-li-t, a Child; inscribed to his Mother.

WHAT would my little E-LI-T say?
Is he in earnest or in play?
When as impatient of delay,
To fly as one would think away.
When laughter shakes his little size,
And rapture sparkles in his eyes,
When sprightly joys his face array,
With graces lively, bright and gay,
What then would little E-LI-T say,
Could he but speak his reason's ray?
Methinks as thus,—'tis innocence!
And perfect freedom from offence,
Which causes all the joys I prove,
United to the purest love;
Thss sweetest passion I receive,
The best my dearest parents give;
'Tis of themselves an emblem fair,
Nay, most exactly, what they are!
At other times, what can he mean?
By looks so placid, mild, serene,

So tender, gentle, soft, and kind,
All these we may suppose design'd,
As sweet expressions of his mind;
Why dove-like does he plaintive coo?
And seems in soothing strains to woo?
In such a pleasing winning tone,
That all—yes ev'ry one is won.
That thus he imitates the dove,
Evinces he will like it love;
For sure no dove his modest mate,
Could better unto love intreat,
Than does this little charming boy,
In language pure without alloy.
What says his pretty dimpl'ing smile?
All innocence unmixt with guile!
That he's his mother's darling son,
In whom a second time she's known;
Which soon his actions shall display,
All manifest in open day.
Ev'n now,—his mother's feelings move,
His heart to sympathy and love.

RELATION,

Of a Turtle Dove to its Mistress, which entered her House and made a long stay of its own accord.

MADAM,

FROM sad fatigue and weary state,
Urg'd by propitiated fate,
To you I fled for that relief,
Which kindly has dispell'd my grief.
From destiny I droop'd forlorn,
'Till straight upon her pinions borne,
Unto your hospitable door,
Where soon I ventur'd to implore,
Your kind regards, nor that in vain,
Pity with goodness will obtain,
And pity soon inspir'd your breast,
And render'd the unhappy blest;
Perhaps you wonder whence I came,
And what may be my views and name,
And twenty other things beside,
The which I ought to you confide.
I beg your patience while I tell,
What I'm permitted to reveal.

Know, madam, of my station vain,
I rank'd in Venus's soft train,
Of gentle blue-ey'd cooing doves,
All chosen emblems of her loves.
Our species for her use design'd,
Were form'd with gentleness of mind,
Of voice congenial to her own,
Of sweetest modulated tone.
Our favourite too, and chief employ,
Was Venus and her godlike boy,
Yok'd to her car, thro' town and grove,
To waft them in the cause of love.
In this our route, there to us came,
An humble youth, unknown to fame,
In plaintive strains to tell his case,
Tho' one might see it in his face,
Where ev'ry feature sadly prov'd,
He lov'd, alas, not being lov'd.
Hold, gentle swain! you need not tell
Your story for I know it well,
Said Venus, for this wicked son
Of mine, has all the mischief done.
'Tis he a rogue has caus'd your pain,
His malice makes you love in vain.

Your love shall never be repaid,
He swears it by that charming maid;
But stop before you go away,
Attend to what I have to say,
I feel an interest for your fate,
From pitying so forlorn a state.
Hold! let me see, you love too well,
That purest passion e'er to feel
Again in all its pristine pow'r,
To that degree you'll love no more;
But there are loves in certain minds,
Deriv'd from secondary kinds,
Of passion—as from pure esteem,
And virtue's kind and friendly beam;
From grateful friendship's tender ties,
And interests sweet that thence arise.
Between two minds congenial fram'd
Which need not be at present nam'd,
All if together you improve,
May equal all your pristine love.
With that in view, I'll send a dove,
Which thro' the land shall ranging rove,
Until it find your fellow soul,
Able alone to make you whole,

Take notice, this the bird shall be,—
Fly hence! so may your sorrows flee.
Where'er successful she shall stay,
To rest until some future day;
And there she well shall be receiv'd,
And this her true account believ'd.
Moreover it shall happen so,
That, to that quarter you shall go,
And find my dove, and she shall own,
And make you to her mistress known.
Who then will learn the reason why,
My dove to her domains should fly.
Of that strange mystery long conceal'd,
Now by my faithful bird reveal'd;
Which altogether sure will shew,
My care for her as much as you,"
Since then your dove has been so bold,
Truly this myst'ry to unfold,
And, madam, since you've deign'd to hear,
Pardon your dove, dispel her fear.
Especially as here you see,
Your, and your lover's destiny.

Long had I rang'd 'till weary grown,
Yes, almost thro' the world had flown,
E'er I admittance could obtain,
Then thinking on the hap'less swain,
In search of whose felicity,
My pleasing business was to be,
And while my search successless prov'd,
I pity'd the poor swain and lov'd.
Tho' absent, I had seen his face,
And sorrowing learnt his mournful case,
I felt his sorrows as my own,
Which made more soft my plaintive tone.
Incessantly my present state,
I pray'd to human might migrate,
That thence I might be blest, and bless
A youth o'erwhelm'd with deep distress.
But, Venus caus'd it otherwise,
When to your wonder and surprise,
Without delay I was to come,
To your most hospitable home.
You saw my lasitude and grief,
And both dispers'd by kind relief;

With that same goodness bless the swain,
With cheering looks relieve his pain.
Seem not a stranger to his woes,
But grant him soft and sweet repose.
His name will need not being told,
That, circumstances will unfold.
You told him once of me your dove,
Which made him jealous of my love,
Until he found I was the same,
Sent to transmit to you his flame.
He seem'd to wonder,—"Strange indeed
The thing's beyond a common creed,
Said he, that that poor dove unknown,
To your protection should have flown;
'Twas singular and who can doubt,
But something thence must come about,
Which time and destiny will tell,
And in due season all reveal."
Lo! I'm the mean they both* have chose,
To you this matter to disclose;
Then bless the swain with tender love,
Such as you've borne your faithful dove.

* Time and Destiny.

Who now in duty hastes to fly,
To Venus for a fresh employ.
To that fair mistress I return,
That she my good success may learn.

TO MISS S. TR——D,

On being told I liked to be noticed by the Fair.

1

I wish the notice of the fair,
Whose person is so debonnaire,
Inspiring gay delight;
Who trips it sprightly all along,
As to some dance-inspiring song,
How pleasing to the sight.

2

I would be notic'd by the maid,
Whose charms can ev'ry heart invade,
And ev'ry heart inspire
With wishes tender, pure, refin'd,
As her own spotless, sprightly mind,
That gives the glowing fire.

3

And let me ever notic'd be,
By her in whom I all things see,
Of good, and soft, and sweet;
The open heart, the graceful mien,
And rectitude of mind serene,
Where all the virtues meet.

4

Oh! slight not then the youth who would,
Be notic'd of the fair and good,
And ev'ry thing would do
To merit their rever'd esteem,
Especially a love-like beam,
Benignly cast from you.

ON VIEWING

Some Statues of Venus.

1

OH, VENUS! wert thou flesh and blood,
Instead of marble, stone, or wood,
Thy beauties I'd admire;
And think my time not ill bestow'd,
To learn why all my passions glow'd,
At once, and whence the fire.

2

But how chagrining to behold,
Thy perfect form, in neatest mould,
To feel one's passions warm;
And rise with wishes to possess,
The forms devoid of pow'rs to bless,
Yet able to alarm.

3

Desist, my eyes, from viewing charms,
Compos'd of darts and dreadful arms,
That wound but cannot cure;
And, cease my passions from surprise,
When only statues meet your eyes,
And let them not allure.

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A

PAMPHLET,

CONTAINING,

VARIOUS PIECES,

IN

VERSE,

SERIOUS AND MORAL.

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